



John Ashburner, M.D.

H A M L E T,

11763. PPP. 87
PRINCE of DENMARK:

A
T R A G E D Y.

As it is now acted

At the THEATRES ROYAL, in DRURY-LANE,
and COVENT-GARDEN.

Written by WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

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Dramatis Personæ.

At DRURY LANE, 1763.

CLAUDIUS, <i>King of Denmark,</i>	Mr. Packer.
' Fortinbras, <i>King of Norway.</i>	
Hamlet, <i>Son of the former King.</i>	Mr. Garrick.
Polonius, <i>Lord Chamberlain,</i>	Mr. Parsons.
Horatio, <i>Friend to Hamlet,</i>	Mr. Havard.
Laertes, <i>Son to Polonius,</i>	Mr. Lee.
Rosencraus, } <i>Courtiers,</i>	{ Mr. Castle.
Guildenstern, }	{ Mr. Palmer.
Ostrick, <i>a Fop,</i>	Mr. Ackman.
Marcellus, <i>an Officer,</i>	Mr. Marr.
Bernardo, } <i>Two Centinels,</i>	{ Mr. Burton.
Francisco, }	{ Mr. Bransby.
Player King,	Mr. Yates.
<i>Ghost of Hamlet's Father,</i>	Mr. Vaughan.
<i>Two Grave diggers,</i>	
Gertrude, <i>Queen of Denmark, and Mother to Hamlet,</i>	Mrs. Pritchard
Ophelia, <i>Daughter to Polonius, in Love with Hamlet,</i>	Mrs. Cibber.
<i>Ladies attending on the Queen.</i>	

SCENE, ELSINOUR.

COVENT-GARDEN, 1763.

Hamlet,	Mr. Ross.	Grave-	{ Mr. Shuter.
King,	Mr. Walker:	diggers,	{ Mr. Stoppelaar
Horatio,	Mr. Hull.	<i>Ghost,</i>	Mr. Gibson.
Rosencraus,	Mr. White.	Laertes,	Mr. Young.
Guildenstern,	Mr. Perry.	Queen,	Mrs. Lewis.
Ostrick,	Mr. Dyer.	Player	{ Miss Helm.
Player King,	Mr. Wignell.	Queen,	
Polonius,	Mr. Stamper.	Ophelia,	Miss Macklin.

Theatre Royal

This present SATURDAY

HAMLET

PRINCE

Ghost of Hamlet
 Gertrude, Queen
 Ophelia
 Actress
 First Sailor, Mr. CHARTER
 Second Sailor
 First Love-Interest
 Priest, Mr. CARR, First Actor (M)
 Marcellus, Mr. MILLER, 2nd
 Danish
 Rosencrantz, Mr. CARR
 Hamlet, Mr.
 1st Actor
 Polonius
 King of Denmark
 Claudius, King of Denmark



Appearance

Theatre Royal,
This present **SATURDAY,**
Their Majesties Servants will perform

H A M L E T
PRINCE OF D E N M A R K

Claudius, King of Denmark,
Hamlet, Mr. R

(From the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, being)

Polonius, Mr. D O

Laertes, Mr. W A L

Horatio, Mr. H O

Rosencrantz, Mr. CROOKE,

Osrick, Mr. P A

Marcellus, Mr. MILLER, Bernardo, Mr

Priest, Mr. CARR, First Actor, Mr. MADDO

First Grave-digger, Mr. W

Second Grave digger, M

First Sailor, Mr. CHATTERLEY,

Ghost of Hamlet's Father,

Gertrude, Queen of Denmark

Ophelia, Miss K

Actress, Miss T I D

al, Drury-Lane.

DAY, November 14, 1812.

perform SHAKSPEARE's Tragedy of

LET, F DENMARK.

Denmark, Mr. POWELL,

t, Mr. RAE,

ool, *being his First Appearance on this Stage.*)

c. DOWTON,

WALLACK, Jun.

HOLLAND,

E, Guildenstern, Mr. FISHER,

Mr. PALMER,

ardo, Mr. RAY, Francisco, Mr. EVANS,

MADDOCKS, Second Actor, Mr. W. WEST,

Mr. WEWITZER,

igger, Mr. PENLEY,

LEY, Second Sailor, Mr. WEST,

Father, Mr. RAYMOND.

Denmark, Mrs MOORE,

Miss KELLY,

TIDSWELL.

H A M L E T,

PRINCE of DENMARK.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

An open Place before the Palace.

Enter Bernardo and Francisco, two Centinels.

Bernardo.

W H O's there?

Fran. Nay, answer me: Stand, and unfold yourself.

Ber. Long live the King;

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come most carefully upon your Hour.

Ber. 'Tis now struck twelve, get thee to Bed, *Francisco*.

Fran. For this Relief much Thanks: 'tis bitter cold, And I am sick at Heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet Guard?

Fran. Not a Mouse stirring.

Ber. Well, Good-night. If you do meet *Horatio*, and *Marcellus*, the Rivals of my Watch, bid them make Haste.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Fran. I think I hear them, Stand ho! Who's there?

Hor. Friends to this Ground.

Mar. And Liege-men to the *Dane*.

Fran. Good-night.

Mar. Farewell, honest Soldier. Who hath reliev'd you?

Fran. *Bernardo* has my Place: Good-night. [*Ex. Fran.*]

Mar. Holla! *Bernardo*!

Ber. Say, what, is *Horatio* there?

Hor. A Piece of him.

Ber. Welcome *Horatio*; welcome good *Marcellus*.

Mar. What, has this Thing appeared again To-night?

Ber. I have seen nothing.

Mar. *Horatio* says, 'tis but a Phantasy,
And will not let Belief take hold of him,
Touching the dreadful Sight, twice seen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him, along
With us, to watch the Minutes of this Night,
That if again this Apparition come,
He may approve our Eyes, and speak to it.

Hor. 'Twill not appear.

Ber. Come let us once again assail your Ears,
That are so fortified against our Story,
What we have two Nights seen.

Hor. Well, let us hear *Bernardo* speak of this.

Ber. Last Night of all,
When yon same Star, that's westward from the Pole,
Had made his Course to enlighten that Part of Heav'n
Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and myself,
The Bell then beating one—

Mar. Peace, break thee off;

Enter Ghost.

Look where it comes again.

Ber. In the same Figure, like the King that's dead.

Mar. Speak to it, *Horatio*.

Ber. Looks it not like the King? Mark it, *Horatio*.

Hor. Most like: it startles me with Fear and Wonder.

Ber. It would be spoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, *Horatio*.

Hor. What art thou that usurp'st this time of Night.
Together with that fair and warlike Form,
In which the Majesty of bury'd *Denmark*
Did sometimes march? I charge thee speak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it stalks away.

Hor. Stay, speak, speak: I charge thee speak. [*Ex. Gh.*]

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.

Ber. How, now, *Horatio*? you tremble and look pale.
Is not this something more than Phantasy?
What think you of it?

Hor. I could not this believe,
Without the sensible and true Avouch
Of mine own Eyes.

Mar. Is it not like the King?

Hor. As thou art to thyself:



Prince of Denmark.

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Such was the very Armour he had on,
When th' ambitious *Norway* he combated.

Mar. Thus twice before, and just at the same Hour,
With martial Stalk, hath he gone by our Watch.

Hor. In what particular Thought to work, I know not:
But in the Scope of mine Opinion,
This bodes some strange Eruption to our State.

Mar. Pray tell me, he that knows,
Why this same strict and most observant Watch
So nightly toils the Subjects of the Land?
And makes the Night joint Labourer with the Day?
Who is't that can inform me?

Hor. That can I; our last King,
Whose Image e'en but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,
Dar'd to the Combat; in which our valiant *Hamlet*
Did slay this *Fortinbras*; who by seal'd Compact,
Well ratify'd by Law and Heraldry,
Did forfeit (with his Life) all these his Lands,
Which he stood seiz'd of to the Conqueror:
Now, Sir, young *Fortinbras*,
Of unimproved Mettle, hot and full,
Hath in the Skirts of *Norway*, here and there,
Shark'd up a List of lawless Resolutes,
To recover those aforesaid Lands
So by his Father lost. And this I take it,
Is the main Motive of our Preparations.

Ber. I think it is no other, but even so.

Enter Ghost again.

Hor. But soft! behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll cross it, tho' it blast me. Stay Illusion!

[*Spreading his Arms.*

If thou hast any Sound, or Use of Voice,
Speak to me—If there be any good Thing to be done,
That may to thee do Ease, and Grace to me,
Speak to me.

If thou art privy to thy Country's Fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid, O speak!
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy Life,
Extorted Treasure in the Womb of Earth,
For which, they say, you Sp'rits oft walk in Death,

[*Cock crows.*

Speak of it. Stay and speak—Stop it, *Marcellus*.

Mar. Shall I strike it with my Partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not stand.

Mar. 'Tis gone.

[*Exit Ghost.*]

We do it wrong, being so majestic,
To offer it the Shew of Violence;
It is even, as the Air, invulnerable,
And our vain Blows malicious Mockery.

Ber. It was about to speak when the Cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty Thing
Upon a fearful Summons. I have heard,
'The Cock, that is the Trumpet to the Morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill sounding Throat
Awake the God of Day: and at his Warning,
Whether in Sea or Fire, in Earth or Air,
Th' extravagant and erring Spirit hies
To his Confine.

But look, the Morn in Russet Mantle clad,
Walks o'er the Dew of yon high eastern Hill;
Break we our Watch up, and by my Advice
Let us impart what we have seen To-night
Unto young *Hamlet*: Perhaps

This Spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this Morning know
Where we shall find him most conveniently. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The Palace.

Enter King, Queen, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Gentlemen and Guards.

King. Tho' yet of *Hamlet* our dear Brother's Death
The Memory be green, and that it us besitted
To bear our Hearts in Grief, and our whole Kingdom
To be contracted in one Brow of Woe;
Yet so far hath Discretion fought with Nature
That we with wisest Sorrow think on Him,
Together with Remembrance of Ourselves.
Therefore, our sometimes Sister, now our Queen,
Th' Imperial Jointress to this warlike State,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated Joy,
Taken to Wife. Nor have we herein barr'd
Your better Wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this Affair along:

But now, *Laertes*, what's the News with you.
You told us of some Suit. What is't *Laertes*?

Laer. My dear Lord,

Your Leave and Favour to return to *France*;
From whence, tho' willingly, I came to *Denmark*,
To shew my Duty in your Coronation;
Yet now I must confess, that Duty done,
My Thoughts and Wishes bend again tow'rds *France*;
And bow them to your gracious Leave and Favour.

King. Have you your Father's Leave? what says *Polonius*?

Pol. He hath, my Lord, by laboursome Petition,
Wrung from me my slow Leave; and at the last,
Upon his Will I sealed my hard Consent:
I do beseech you, give him Leave to go.

King. Take thy fair Hour, *Laertes*, Time be thine,
And thy best Graces spend it at thy Will.

But now, my Cousin *Hamlet*, and my Son——

Ham. A little more than Kin, and less than kind.

King. How is it, that the Clouds still hang on you?

Ham. Not so, my Lord; I am too much i'th' Sun.

Queen. Good *Hamlet*, cast thy nightly Colour off,
And let thine Eye look like a Friend on *Denmark*.

Do not, for ever, with thy veiled Lids,
Seek for thy noble Father in the Dust;
Thou know'st 'tis common, all that live must die,
Passing thro' Nature to Eternity.

Ham. Ay, Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, Madam! Nay it is; I know not *Seems*.
'Tis not alone this mourning Suit, good Mother,
Together with all Forms, Modes, Shapes of Grief,
That can denote me truly. These indeed seem,
For they are Actions that a Man might play;
But I have that within, which passeth Shew.
These but the Trappings, and the Suits of Woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your Nature, *Ham-*
To give these mourning Duties to your Father: (let,
But you must know, your Father lost a Father,
That Father his, and the Survivor bound
In filial Obligation for some Term
To do obsequious Sorrow. But to persevere
In obstinate Condolence, does express
An impious Stubbornness.

We pray you throw to Earth
This unavailing Woe, and think of us
As of a Father, and let the World take Note.

H A M L E T,

You are the most immediate to our Throne,
Our chiefest Courtier, Cousin, and our Son.

Queen. Let not thy Mother lose her Prayers, *Hamlet*;
I pray thee stay with us, go not to *Wittenberg*.

Ham. I shall in all my best obey you, Madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair Reply:
Be as Ourselves in *Denmark*. Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd Accord of *Hamlet*
Sits smiling at my Heart; in Grace whereof,
No jocund Health that *Denmark* drinks To-day,
But the great Cannon to the Clouds shall tell it. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. O that this too, too solid Flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a Dew!
Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
His Cannon 'gainst Self-Murder:
How weary, stale, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the Uses of this World!
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded Garden
That grows to Seed; Things rank and gross in Nature
Possess it meerly. That it should come to this!
But two Months dead? nay, not so much! not two——
So excellent a King, that was to this,
Hyperion to a Satyr: So loving to my Mother,
That he permitted not the Winds of Heav'n
Visit her Face too roughly! Heaven and Earth!
Must I remember?—Why, she would hang on him,
As if Increase of Appetite had grown
By what it fed on; yet within a Month!——
Let me not think—Frailty, thy Name is Woman!
A little Month!——or e'er those Shoes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor Father's Body,
Like *Niobe*, all Tears——Why she, even she——
O Heav'n! A Beast that wants Discourse of Reason
Would have mourn'd longer!—married with mine Uncle,
My Father's Brother; but no more like my Father,
Than I to *Hercules*.

It is not, nor it cannot come to Good.

But break, my Heart, for I must hold my Tongue.

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your Lordship!

Ham. I'm glad to see you well:

Horatio, or I do forget myself.

ing the
been too
be preva
white flag
But Aust
sians and
tion may
it is eviden
the Allies

ing the royal disposition of the Emperor as they
been too prematurely put forth. Still if Austria cou
be prevailed upon to consent to the hoisting of th
white flag, the result might prove fatal to NAPOLEO
But Austria we fear will not—and what can the Ru
sians and Prussians do without Austria? The war fa
tion may endeavour to detract from her power, b
it is evident that if she were to withdraw her arm
the Allies must evacuate France. What would th
proceeding down the Rhin

sense to a pitiful ambition to be singular. We particularly disapprove of the turn which he gives to the sentence, "He was a man, take him for all in all; I shall not look upon his like again." *Horatio* is speaking to *Hamlet* of his father, and says, "He was a goodly King;" upon which Mr. KEAN makes *Hamlet* interrupt him with a most pompous exclamation, "He was a man" !! and then, after a pause, he adds, "take him for all in all," &c. This to us appears almost burlesque—a most ridiculous anti-climax—not unworthy of *Tom Thumb*.

Ham. Sir, my good Friend; I'll change that Name
with you:

And what makes you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio*?
Marcellus! ———

Mar. My good Lord! ———

Ham. I'm very glad to see you; good Morning, Sir.
But what, in faith, makes you from *Wittenberg*?

Hor. A truant Disposition, good my Lord.

Ham. I would not hear your Enemy say so;
Nor shall you do my Ear that Violence,
To be a Witness of your own Report
Against yourself. I know you are no Truant;
But what is your Affair in *Elfsnoor*?

We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My Lord, I came to see your Father's Fun'ral.

Ham. I prithee do not mock me, Fellow Student;
I think it was to see my Mother's Wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my Lord, it followed hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*; the funeral bak'd Meats
Did coldly furnish forth the Marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest Foe in Heav'n,
Ere I had seen that Day, *Horatio*!

My Father——methinks I see my Father.

Hor. Where, my Lord?

Ham. In my Mind's Eye, *Horatio*.

Hor. I saw him once; he was a goodly King.

Ham. He was a Man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My Lord, I think I saw him Yesternight.

Ham. Saw! who?

Hor. My Lord, I saw the King your Father!

Ham. The King my Father!

Hor. Defer your Admiration for a while
With an attentive Ear; till I deliver,
Upon the Witness of these Gentlemen,
This Wonder to you.

Ham. Pray let me hear.

Hor. Two Nights together had these Gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their Watch.
In the dead Waste and Middle of the Night,
Been thus encounter'd: A Figure like your Father
Arm'd at all Points exactly, *cap-à-pe*,
Appears before them, and with solemn March
Goes slow and stately by them; thrice he walk'd

Within my Rapier's Length ; whilst they (distill'd
 Almost to Jelly with their Fear)
 Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
 In dreadful Secrecy impart they did,
 And I with them the third Night kept the Watch ;
 Where, as they had deliver'd, both in Time,
 Form of the Thing, each word made true and good,
 'The Apparition comes.

Ham. But where was this ?

Mar. My Lord, upon the Platform where we watch'd.

Ham. Did you not speak to it ?

Hor. My Lord, I did ;

But Answer made it none ; yet once methought
 It lifted up its Head, and did address
 Itself to Motion, like as it would speak :
 But even then the Morning Cock crew loud ;
 And at the Sound it shrunk in Haste away :
 And vanish'd from our Sight.

Ham. 'Tis very strange !

Hor. As I do live my honour'd Lord, 'tis true ;

And we did think it then our Duty
 To let you know it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me.

Hold you the Watch To-night ?

Both. We do my Lord.

Ham. Arm'd, say you ?

Both. Arm'd, my Lord.

Ham. From Top to Toe ?

Both. From Head to Foot.

Ham. Then saw you not his Face ?

Hor. O yes, my Lord, he wore his Beaver up.

Ham. What look'd he frowningly ?

Hor. A Count'nance more in Sorrow than in Anger.

Ham. Pale, or Red ?

Hor. Nay, very Pale.

Ham. And fix'd his Eyes upon you ?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like : staid it long ?

Hor. While one with mod'rate Haste might tell a Hun-

All. Longer, longer. (dred.

Hor. Not when I saw't.

Ham. His Beard was grisly ?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his Life,
A Sable-silver'd.

Ham. I'll watch To-night ; perchance 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant you it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble Father's Person,
I'll speak to it, tho' Hell itself should gape,
And bid me hold my Peace. I pray you all
If you have hitherto conceal'd this Sight,
Let it be treble in your Silence still :
And whatsoever else shall hap To-night,
Give it an Understanding, but no Tongue ;
I will require your Loves. So fare ye well.
Upon the Platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.

[*Exeunt.*]

All. Our Duty to your Honour.

Ham. Your Loves, as mine to you : Farewel.
My Father's Spirit in Arms ! all is not well ;
I doubt some foul Play ; would the Night were come ;
Till then, sit still my Soul : foul Deeds will rise,
(Tho' all the Earth o'erwhelm them) to Men's Eyes. [*Ex.*]

Enter Laertes and Ophelia.

Laer. My Necessaries are embark'd ; farewel.
And Sister, as the Winds permit, pray
Let me hear from you.

Oph. Do you doubt that ?

Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the Trifling of his Favours,
Hold it a Fashion and a Toy in Blood.
A Violet in the Youth and Prime of Nature,
Forward, not permanent ; tho' sweet, not lasting ;
The Perfume of a Minute.

Oph. No more, but so ?

Laer. Think it no more :
He may not, as inferior Persons do,
Carve for himself ; for on his Choice depends
The Sanity and Health of this whole State.
Then weigh what Loss your Honour may sustain,
If with too cred'lous Ear you hear his Passion.
Fear it, *Ophelia*, fear it, my dear Sister,
The charest Maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her Beauty to the Moon.

Oph. I shall the Effect of this good Lesson keep
About my Heart : But, good my Brother,
Do not, as some ungracious Pastors do,
Shew me the steep and thorny Way to Heaven :

Himself the Primrose Path of Dalliance treads.

Laer. Oh, fear me not.

I stay too long; but here my Father comes.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Yet here, *Laertes!* get abroad for Shame,
The Wind fits in the Shoulder of your Sail,
And you are staid for.

Laer. Most humbly I do take my Leave, my Lord.
Farewel, *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my Mem'ry lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the Key of it.

Laer. Farewell.

[*Ex. Laer.*

Pol. What is't, *Ophelia*, he has said to you?

Oph. So please you, something touching the Lord *Hamlet*.

Pol. Marry, well bethought!

'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Giv'n private Time to you; and you yourself
Have of your Audience been most free and bounteous.
If it be so (as so 'tis put on me,
And that in Way of Caution) I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly,
As it behoves my Daughter, and your Honour.
What is between you? give me up the Truth.

Oph. He hath, my Lord, of late made many Tenders
Of his Affection to me.

Pol. Affection! puh! you speak like a green Girl,
Unfitted in such perilous Circumstance.

Do you believe his Tenders as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my Lord, what I should think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you; think yourself a Baby,
That you have ta'en these Tenders for true Pay,
Which are not Sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or you'll tender me a Fool.

Oph. My Lord, he hath importun'd me with Love,
In honourable Fashion.

Pol. Ay, Fashion, you may call it: go to, go to.

Oph. And hath giv'n Countenance to his Speech, my
With almost all the holy Vows of Heaven. (Lord.

Pol. Ay, Springes to catch Woodcocks. I do know,
When the Blood burns, how prodigal the Soul
Lends the Tongue Vows. This is for all:
I would not, in plain Terms, from this Time forth,
Have you so slander any Moment's Leisure,

Prince of Denmark.

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As to give Words or talk with the Lord Hamlet:
Look to't, I charge you; come your Way.

Opb. I shall obey, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Platform before the Palace.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus.

Ham. The Air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager Air.

Ham. What Hour now?

Hor. I think it lacks of Twelve.

Mar. No, it is struck.

Hor. I hear it not: Then it draws near the Season,
Wherein the Spirit held is wont to walk.

[*Trumpets a Tune.*]

What does this mean, my Lord?

Ham. The King doth wake To-night, and takes his Rouse,
And as he takes his Draughts of Rhenish down,
The Kettle-drum and Trumpet thus proclaim
The Triumph of his Pledge.

Hor. Is it a Custom?

Ham. Ah marry is't:

But to my Mind, tho' I'm Native here,
And to the Manner born, it is a Custom
More honoured in the Breach than the Observance.

Enter Ghost. *V. Told Nick: 1-11A.*

Hor. Look, my Lord, it comes!

Ham. Angels and Ministers of Grace defend us!
Be thou a Spirit of Health, or Goblin damn'd;
Bring with thee Airs from Heav'n or Blasts from Hell;
Be thy Intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable Shape,
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, Father, Royal Dane: Oh! answer, me,
Let me not burst in Ignorance; but tell
Why thy bones, hears'd in canonized Earth,
Have burst their Cearments? Why the Sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly interr'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble Jaws,
To cast thee up again? What may this mean?
That thou, dead Corse, again in complete Steel,
Revisit'st thus the Glimples of the Moon,
Making Night hideous; and us Fools of Nature,
So horribly to shake our Disposition
With Thoughts beyond the reaches of our Souls?

Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?

[Ghost beckons Ham.

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some Impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look with what courteous Action
It waves you to a more removed Ground;
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no Means. [Holding Hamlet.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my Lord?

Ham. Why, what should be the Fear?
I value not my Life;

And for my Soul, what can it do to that,
Being a Thing immortal as itself?

It waves me forth again. I'll follow it.

Hor. What if it tempt you tow'rd the Flood, my Lord?
Or to the dreadful Summit of the Cliff,
And there assume some other horrid Form,
And draw you into Madness?

Ham. It waves me still:

Go on, I'll follow thee——

Mar. You shall not go, my Lord.

Ham. Hold off your Hand.

Hor. Be rul'd, you shall not go.

Ham. My Fate cries out,
(And makes each petty Art'ry in this Body,

(As hardy as the Numean Lion's Nerve:

Still am I call'd? unhand me, Gentlemen——

[Breaking from them.

By Heaven, I'll make a Ghost of him that lets me——

I say, away——Go on——I'll follow thee. [Ex. Gh. and Ham.

Hor. He grows desp'rate with Imagination.

Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him. [Ex.

Enter Ghost and Hamlet.

Ham. Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak, I'll go no.

Ghost. Mark me.

(further.

Ham. I will.

Ghost. My Hour is almost come,
When I to sulph'rous tormenting Flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor Ghost!

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious Hearing

Ham. What?

Doom'd for a certain Term to walk the Night,
And for the Day, confin'd to fast in Fires,
Till the foul Crimes done in my Days of Nature
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the Secrets of my Prison-house,
I could a Tale unfold, whose lightest Word
Would harrow up thy Soul, freeze thy young Blood,
Make thy two Eyes like Stars start from their Spheres,
Thy knotted and combined Locks to part,
And each particular Hair to stand on End
Like Quills upon the fretful Porcupine ;
But this eternal Blazon must not be
To Ears of Flesh and Blood : Lift, lift, O lift !
If thou did'st ever thy dear Father love——

Ham. O Heaven !

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnat'ral Murder.

Ham. Murder !

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is ;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know't, that I with Wings as swift
As Meditation, or the Thoughts of Love,
May fly to my Revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt.—Now, *Hamlet*, hear :
'Tis given out, that, sleeping in my Garden,
A Serpent stung me : So the whole Ear of *Denmark*
Is by a forg'd Process of my Death
Rankly abus'd ; But know, thou noble Youth,
'The Serpent that did sting thy Father's Life
Now wears his Crown.

Ham. O my prophetic Soul, my Uncle ?

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate Beast,
Won to his shameful Lust
The Will of my most seeming virtuous Queen.
O, *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there !
From me, whose Love was of that Dignity,
That I went Hand in Hand even with the Vow
I made to her in Marriage ; and to decline
Upon a Wretch, whose nat'ral Gifts were poor
To those of mine.——

But soft, methinks I scent the Morning Air——
Brief let me be : Sleeping within my Garden,
My Custom always in the Afternoon,
Upon my secure Hour thy Uncle stole
With Juice of curfed Hebona in a Phyal,

Y And in the Porches of mine Ears did pour
The leperous Distilment, whose Effects
Hold such an Enmity with Blood of Man,
That swift as Quicksilver it courses thro'
The nat'ral Gates and Alleys of the Body;
So did it mine.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a Brother's Hand,
Of Life, of Crown, of Queen, at once bereft;
Cut off ev'n with the Blossoms of my Sin,
Unhousel'd, unanointed, unanneal'd;
No Reck'ning made, but sent to my Account
With all my Imperfections on my Head.

Ham. O horrible! O horrible! most horrible!

Ghost. If thou hast Nature in thee bear it not;
Let not the royal Bed of *Denmark* be
A Couch for Luxury, and damned Incest.
But howsoever thou pursu'st this Act,
Taint not thy Mind, nor let thy Soul design
Against thy Mother aught; leave her to Heav'n,
And to those Thorns that in her Bosom lodge,
To goad and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The Glow-worm shews the Morning to be near,
And 'gins to pale his ineffectual Fire.
Farewel; remember me.

[*Exit.*

Ham. O hold, My Heart——
And you, my Sinews, grow not instant old:
But bear me strongly up. Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor Ghost, while Memory holds a Seat
In this distracted Globe; remember thee——
Yea, From the Table of my Memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond Records,
All Registers of Books, all Forms and Pressures past,
That Youth and Observation copy'd there:
And thy Commandment all alone shall live
Within the Book and Volume of my Brain,
Unmix'd with baser Matter. Yes, by Heav'n:
O most pernicious Woman!
O Villain, Villain, smiling damned Villain!
My Tables, meet it is I should set down,
That one may smile, and smile and be a Villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in *Denmark*. [*Writing.*
So, Uncle, there you are; now to my Word;
It is, Farewell, Remember me:
I have sworn it.

What reason *Shakespeare* had for making *Hamlet* swear by St. Patrick, as he does in the first Act, we know not; but our gravity was somewhat discomposed by a lady asking, on the occasion, (the lady sat in one of the dress boxes,) if *YOUNG* was an Irishman.

Hor. within. My Lord, my Lord!

Mar. within. Lord Hamlet.

Hor. within. Heaven secure him!

Ham. So be it.

Hor. within. Hillo, ho, ho, my Lord!

Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, Boy, come, Bird, come.

Enter Horatio and Marcellus.

Mar. How is't, my noble Lord?

Hor. What News, my Lord?

Ham. O wonderful!

Hor. Good my Lord, tell it.

Ham. No, you'll reveal it.

Hor. Not I, my Lord, by Heav'n.

Ham. How say you then, would Heart of Man once
But you'll be secret? (think it?—

Both. As Death, my Lord.

Ham. There's ne'er a Villian dwelling in all *Denmark*,
But he's an arrant Knave.

Hor. There needs no Ghost, my Lord, come from the
To tell us this: (Grave

Ham. Why, right, you're in the Right;
And so without more Circumstance at all,
I hold it fit that we shake Hands and part:
You as your Business and Desires shall point
(For every Man has Business and Desire,
Such as it is) and for my poor Part;
I will go pray.

Hor. These are but wild and windy Words, my Lord.

Ham. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no Offence, my Lord.

Ham. Yes, by St. Patrick, but there is, *Horatio*,
And much Offence too. Touching this Vision here—
It is an honest Ghost, that let me tell you:
For your Desire to know what is between us,
O'er-master't as you may: And now, good Friends,
As you are Friends, Scholars, and Soldiers,
Grant me one poor Request.

Hor. What is't, my Lord?

Ham. Never make known what you have seen to Night.

Both. My Lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but swear't.

Hor. In faith, my Lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my Lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my Sword.

Ghost. Swear. [*Ghost cries under the Stage.*]

Ham. Ah, ha, Boy, say'st thou so? Art thou there old True-penny?

Come on, you hear this Fellow in the Cellarage.
Consent to swear.

Hor. Propose the Oath, my Lord.

Ham. Never to speak of this that you have seen,
Swear by my Sword.

Ghost below. Swear.

Ham. Well said, old Mole, canst work i'th' Ground so fast?

A worthy Pioneer! Once more remove, good Friends.

Hor. O Day and Night! but this is wond'rous strange.

Ham. And therefore as a Stranger give it welcome.

There are more Things in Heav'n and Earth, *Horatio*,

Than are dreamt of in our Philosophy. But come,

Here, as before, Never, so help you Mercy,

How strange or odd so'er I bear myself,

(As I perchance hereafter shall think meet,

To put an antic Disposition on)

That you, at such Times seeing me, never shall

With arms encumbred thus, or Head thus shak'd,

Or by pronouncing of some doubtful Phrase,

As well—we know—or we could, an if we would—

Or, if we list to speak—or, there be, an if there might—

Or such ambiguous giving out, denote

That you know aught of me; this do ye swear,

So Grace and Mercy at your most Need help you!

Ghost. Swear.

Ham. Rest, rest, perturbed Spirit. So, Gentlemen,
With all my Love I do commend me to you;

And what so poor a Man as *Hamlet* is

May do t'express his Love and Friendship to you,

Shall never fail: Let us go in together;

And still your Fingers on your Lips, I pray.

The Time is out of Joint: oh cursed Spight,

That ever I was born to set it right!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE. *An Apartment in Polonius's House.*

Enter Ophelia meeting Polonius.

Pol. **H**OW now, *Ophelia*, what's the Matter?

Oph. O, my Lord, my Lord! I have been so
Pol. With what? (affrighted—

Oph. My Lord, as I was reading in my Closet,
Prince *Hamlet*, with his Doublet, all unbrac'd,
Pale as his Shirt, his Knees knocking each other,
And with a Look so piteous,——
Thus he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy Love!

Oph. My Lord, I do not know,
But truly I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the Wrist, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the Length of all his Arm,
And with his other Hand thus o'er his Brow
He falls to such Perusal of my Face,
As he would draw it: long staid he so;
At last a little shaking of my Arm,
And thrice his Head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a Sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his Bulk,
And end his Being. That done, he lets me go,
And with his Head over his Shoulders turn'd,
He seem'd to find his Way without his Eyes;
For out of Doors he went without their Helps,
And to the last bended their Light on me.

Pol. This is the very Extacy of Love.—
Have you given any hard Words of late?

Oph. No, my good Lord, but as you did command,
I did repel his Letters, and deny'd
His Access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad:——
Come, go with me to the King.
This must be known, which being kept close, might move
More Grief to hide, than Hate to utter Love.
Come.

[*Exeunt.*

H A M L E T,

S C E N E II. *The Palace.*

Enter King, Queen, Rosencraus, and Guildenstern.

King. Welcome, good *Rosencraus*, and *Guildenstern*.
 Besides that we did long to see you,
 The Need we have to use you did provoke
 Our hasty sending. Something you have heard
 Of *Hamlet's* Transformations; what it should be
 More than his Father's Death,
 I cannot dream of. I entreat you both,
 That you vouchsafe your Rest, here in our Court,
 Some little Time, so by your Companies
 To draw him on to Pleasures, and to gather
 So much as from Occasion you may glean,
 Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus,
 That lies within our Remedy.

Queen. Good Gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you.
 And sure I am, two Men are not living
 To whom he more adheres: if it will please you
 To shew us so much Gentleness and Good-will,
 As to employ your Time with us a-while,
 For the Supply and Profit of our Hope,
 Your Visitations shall receive such Thanks
 As fits a King's Remembrance.

Ros. Both your Majesties
 Might, by the Sov'reign Power you have o'er us
 Put your dread Pleasure more into Command
 Than to Intreaty.

Guil. But we both obey,
 And here give up ourselves in the full Bent
 To lay our Service freely at your Feet.

King. Thanks *Rosencraus* and gentle *Guildenstern*

Queen. I do beseech you instantly to visit
 My too much changed Son. Go some of you,
 And bring these Gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.

Guil. Heaven make our Presence and our Practices
 Pleasant and helpful to him.

Queen. Amen.

[*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. I do think, or else this Brain of mine
 Hunts not the Trail of Policy so sure
 As it had us'd to do, that I have found
 The very Cause of *Hamlet's* Lunacy.

King. O speak of that, that I do long to hear.

Pol. My Liege and Madam, to expostulate
What Majesty should be, what Duty is,
Why Day is Day, Night Night, and Time is Time,
Were nothing but to waste Night, Day, and Time:
Therefore, as Brevity is the Soul of Wit,
And Tedioufness the Limbs and outward Flourishes,
I will be brief; your noble Son is mad,
Mad call I it; for to define true Madness,
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

Queen. More Matter with less Art.

Pol. Madam, I swear I use no Art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis Pity;
And Pity 'tis, 'tis true; a foolish Figure,
But farewell it, for I will use no Art.
Mad let us grant him then; and now remains
That we find out the Cause of this Effect,
Or rather say the Cause of this Defect,
For this Effect defective comes by Cause:
Thus it remains, and the Remainder thus. Consider,
I have a Daughter; have, while she is mine,
Who in her Duty and Obedience, mark,
Hath giv'n me this: Now gather and surmise. [*Reads.*

*To the Celestial, and my Soul's Idol, the most beautified
Ophelia: That's an ill Phrase, a vile Phrase; beautified is
a vile Phrase; but you shall hear—Thus in her excel-
lent white Bosom, these, &c.*

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good Madam, stay a-while, I will be faithful.

Doubt thou the Stars are Fire,

Doubt that the Sun doth move;

Doubt Truth to be a Liar,

But never doubt I love.

O dear Ophelia, I am ill at these Numbers; I have not Art
to reckon my Groans; but that I love thee best, O most best,
believe it: Adieu. Thine ever more, most dear Lady, while
this Machine is to him, Hamlet.

This in Obedience hath my Daughter shewn me,
And more concerning his Solicitings,
As they fell out by Time, by Means, and Place,
All given to my Ear.

King. But how hath she received his Love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a Man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove so ; but what might you
Or my dear Majesty your Queen here think,
If I had plaid the Desk or Table-book,
Or look'd upon this Love with idle Sight.
No, I went round to work,
And my young Mistress thus I charg'd :
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince above thy Sphere,
This must not be : and then I Precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his Resort,
Admit no Messengers, receive no 'tokens :
Which done she took the Fruits of my Advice ;
And he, repelled, a short Tale to make,
Fell into a Sadness, then into a Weakness,
Thence to a Lightness, and by this Declension
Into the Madness wherein now he raves,
And all we wail for.

King. Do you think 'tis this ?

Queen. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there been such a Time (I'd fain know that)
That I have positively said that, 'Tis so,
When it prov'd otherwise ?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwise ;

[*Pointing to his Head and Body.*]

If Circumstances lead me, I will find
Where Truth is hid, tho' it were hid indeed
Within the Centre.

King. How may we try it farther ?

Pol. Sometimes he walks for Hours together
Here in the Lobby.

Queen. So he does indeed.

Pol. At such a Time I'll loose my Daughter to him.
So please your Majesty to hide yourself
Behind the Arras then
Mark the Encounter ; if he love her not,
And be not from his Reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no Assistant for a State,
But keep a Farm and Carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet reading.

Queen. But look where sadly the poor Wretch comes
Reading.

Pol. Away, I do beseech you both away.

[*Exit King and Queen.*]

I'll board him presently.

How does my good Lord *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent well.

Pol. Do you know me, my Lord?

Ham. Excellent well, you are a Fishmonger.

Pol. Not I, my Lord.

Ham. Then I would you were as honest a Man.

Pol. Honest, my Lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir, to be honest, as this World goes,
Is to be one Man pick'd out of ten Thousand.

Pol. That is very true, my Lord.

Ham. For if the Sun breeds Maggots in a dead Dog,
being a good kissing Carrion—Have you a Daughter?

Pol. I have, my Lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i' th' Sun? Conception is a Blessing,
but as your Daughter may conceive, Friend, look to't.

Pol. 'How say you by that?' Still-harping on my daughter;
yet he knew [*Aside*] me not at first, but said, I was a Fishmonger;
he is far gone; and truly in my Youth I suffered much Extremity for Love,
very near this. I'll speak to him again. What do you read, my Lord?

Ham. Words, Words, Words.

Pol. What is the Matter, my Lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean the Matter that you read, my Lord?

Ham. Slanders, Sir; for the satirical Rogue says here,
That old Men have grey Beards, that their Faces are wrinkled,
their Eyes purging thick Amber, and Plumb-tree-Gum,
and that they have a most plentiful Lack of Wit,
together with most weak Hams; all which, Sir, tho' I most potently believe,
yet I hold it not Honesty to have it thus set down;
for you yourself, Sir, shall grow old, as I am, if, like a Crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Tho' this be Madness, yet there's Method in't:
Will you walk out of the Air, my Lord?

Ham. Into my Grave.

Pol. Marry, that's out of the Air indeed: How pregnant his Replies are!
a Happiness that often Madness hits on. My Lord, I will take my Leave of you.

Ham. You cannot take from me any Thing that I will not more willingly part withal, except my Life.

Pol. Fare you well, my Lord.

Ham. These tedious old Fools.

Enter Guildenstern and Rosencraus.

Pol. You go to seek Lord *Hamlet*, there he is. [Ex.]

Ros. Save you, Sir.

Guild. My honour'd Lord.

Ros. My dear Lord.

Ham. My excellent good Friends! How dost thou,
Guildenstern? Ah, *Rosencraus*! good Lads, how do you
both? Well, what News?

Ros. None, my Lord, but the World's grown honest.

Ham. Then is Doomsday near; sure your News is
not true? But in the beaten Way of Friendship, what
makes you at *Elfinoor*?

Ros. To visit you, my Lord; no other Occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in Thanks,
but I thank you. Were you not sent for? Is it your
own inclining? Is it a free Visitation? Come, come,
deal justly with me: Nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my Lord?

Ham. Any Thing, but to the Purpose you were sent
for; there is a Kind of Confession in your Looks, which
your Modesties have not Craft enough to colour. I know
the good King and Queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what End, my Lord?

Ham. Nay, that you must teach me: But let me con-
jure you, by the Rights of our Fellowships, by the Con-
sonancy of our Youth, by the Obligation of our Love,
and by what more dear a better Proposer could charge
you withal; be even and direct with me, whether you
were sent for or no.

Ros. What say you?

Ham. Nay, then I have an Eye of you; if you love
me, hold not off.

Guil. My Lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my Anticipation
prevent your Discovery, and your Secrecy to the King
and Queen moult no Feather: I have, of late, but
wherefore I know not, lost all Mirth, forgone all Custom
of Exercises, and indeed it goes so heavily with my Dis-
position, that this goodly Frame, the Earth, seems to me
a steril Promontory: This most excellent Canopy the
Air, this majestical Roof fretted with golden Fire, why,
it appears nothing to me, but a foul and pestilent Con-
gregation

gregation of Vapours. What a Piece of Work is Man! how noble in Reason! how infinite in Faculties! in Form and Moving how express and admirable! in Action how like an Angel! in Apprehension the Beauty of the World, the Paragon of Animals! And yet to me what is this Quintessence of Dust? Man delights not me, nor Woman neither, tho' by your Smiling you seem to say so.

Ros. My Lord, there was no such Stuff in my Thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said, Man delights not me.

Ros. To think, my Lord, if you delight not in Man, what Lenten Entertainment the Players shall receive from you: We met with them on the Way, and hither are they coming to offer you Service.

Ham. He that plays the King shall be welcome; his Majesty shall have Tribute of me, the adventurous Knight shall use his Foil and Target; the Lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous Man shall end his Part in Peace; and the Lady shall speak her Mind freely, or the blank Verse shall halt for't. What Players are they?

Ros. Even those you were wont to take such Delight in; the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chances it they travel? Their Residence both in Reputation and Profit was better both Ways. Do they hold the same Estimation they did when I was in the City? Are they so followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham. It is not very strange; for my Uncle is King of Denmark, and those that would make Mouths at him while my Father lived, now give twenty, forty, fifty, nay a hundred Ducats a-piece for his Picture in little: there is something in this more than natural, if Philosophy could find it out.

[*A Flourish.*]

Guil. Shall we call the Players?

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Elfsnoor*, your Hands; come then, th' Appurtenance of Welcome is Fashion and Ceremony: But my Uncle-Father and Aunt-Mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear Lord?

Ham. I am but mad North North-West; when the Wind is southerly, I know a Hawk from a Handsaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. We'll be with you, Gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you, *Guildestern* and *Rosencraus*; that great Baby that you see there is not yet out of his Swadling-clouts.

Ros. Haply he is the second Time come to them; for they say an old Man is twice a Child.

Ham. I prophesy that he comes to tell me of the Players; mark it: You say right, Sir, a *Monday* Morning, 'twas then, indeed.

Pol. My Lord, I have News to tell you.

Ham. My Lord, I have News to tell you; when *Roscinius* was an Actor in *Rome*—

Pol. The Actors are come hither, my Lord.

Ham. Buz, buz.

Pol. Upon mine Honour—

Ham. Then came each Actor on his Ass—

Pol. The best Actors in the World, either for Tragedy, Comedy, History, Pastoral, Pastoral-Comical, Historical-Pastoral; 'Scene undividable, or Poem unlimited:' *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light, for the Law of Wit and Liberty. These are the only Men.

Ham. O, *Jephtha*, Judge of *Israel*, what a Treasure hadst thou!

Pol. What a Treasure had he, my Lord?

Ham. Why one fair Daughter, and no more, the which he loved passing well.

Pol. Still on my Daughter!

[*Aside.*

Ham. Am not I i'th'right, old *Jephtha*?

Pol. If you call me *Jephtha*, my Lord, I have a Daughter that I love passing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. Nay, what follows then, my Lord?

Ham. Why as by Lot, God wot, 'and then you know, it came to pass, as most like it was:' The first Row of the Rubrick will shew you more; for look where my Abridgments come.

Enter Players.

Ham. You are welcome, Masters. O my old Friend! why thy Face is valenc'd since I saw thee last; com'st thou to beard me, in *Denmark*? What my young Lady and Mistress! marry your Ladyship is grown nearer to Heaven than when I saw you last by the Altitude of a *Chopin*: I wish your Voice, like a Piece of uncurrent Gold, be not crack'd within the Ring. Masters, you are all welcome,

come, we'll e'en to't like friendly Falconers, fly at any thing we see, we'll have a Speech strait; come, give us a Taste of your Quality, come, a passionate Speech.

Play. What Speech, my good Lord?

Ham. I heard thee speak me a Speech once, but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once, for the Play I remember pleased not the Million, 'twas Caviar to the Multitude. One Speech in't I chiefly lov'd, 'twas *Aeneas's* Tale to *Dido*; and thereabout of it especially where he speaks of *Priam's* Slaughter. If it live in your Memory, begin at this Line, let me see, let me see—The rugged *Pyrrhus*, like the *Hyrceanian* Beast—Beast! no, that's not it, yet it begins with *Pyrrhus*.

The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he whose fable Arms,
Black as his Purpose, did the night resemble.

'Old Grandfire *Priam* seeks.'

Pol. My Lord, well spoken, with good Accent, and good Discretion.

Ham. So proceed you.

Play. Anon he finds him

Striking too short at *Greeks*. His antique Sword,
Rebellious to his Arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command; unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in Rage strikes wide,
But with the Whiff and Wind of his fell Sword,
Th' unnerved Father falls.

But as we often see, against some Storm,
A Silence in the Heav'ns, the Rack stand still,
The bold Wind speechless, and the Orb below
As hush as Death; anon the dreadful Thunder
Doth rend the Region: So, after *Pyrrhus's* Pause,
A roused Vengeance sets him new a-work:
And never did the *Cyclops's* Hammers fall
On *Mars* his Armour, forg'd for Proof eterne,
With less Remorse than *Pyrrhus's* bleeding Sword
Now falls on *Priam*.

Out, out, thou Strumpet Fortune!

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to the Barber's with your Beard. Prithee say on, he's for a Jig, or a Tale of Bawdry, or he sleeps. Say on, and come to *Hecuba*.

Play. But who, alas, had seen the mobled Queen—

Ham. The mobled Queen!

Pol. That's good.

Play. Run bare-foot up and down threatening the
A Clout upon that Head [Flames;

Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe

A Blanket in th' Alarm of Fear caught up:

Who this had seen, with Tongue in Venom steep'd,

'Gainst Fortune's State would Treason have pronounc'd.

Pol. Look whether he has not turn'd his Colour, and
has Tears in's Eyes. Prithee no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, I'll have thee speak out the rest of this
soon. Good, my Lord, will you see the Players well be-
flowed? Do you hear? let them be well used, for they
are the Abstract and brief Chronicles of the Time: After
your Death, you were better to have a bad Epitaph, than
their ill Report while you live.

Pol. My Lord, I will use them according to their Desert.

Ham. Much better; use every Man, Sir, according to
his Desert, and who shall escape Whipping? Use them
after your own Honour and Dignity. The less they de-
serve, the more Merit is in your Bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, Sirs.

Ham. Follow him, Friends; we'll have a Play To-
morrow. Dost thou hear me, old Friend? My good
Friends, I'll leave you till Night: You're welcome to
Elfsnoor.

Ros. Farewel, my Lord.

[Exit Ros. Guild.

Ham. Can you play the Murder of Gonzago? [To Player.

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. We'll have it To-morrow Night; you could for
Need study a Speech of some dozen Lines, which I would
set down, and insert, could you not?

Play. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Very well; follow that Lord, and look you
mock him not. [Exeunt all but Hamlet.

O what a Wretch and peasant Slave am I!

Is it not monstrous that this Player here,

But in a Fiction, in a Dream of Passion,

Could force his Soul so to his own Conceit,

That from her Working all the Visage warm'd,

Tears in his Eyes, Distraction in his Aspect,

A broken

A broken Voice, and his whole Function suiting
With Forms to his Conceit, and all for nothing,
For *Hecuba*?

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the Motive and that Ground for Passion
That I have? he would drown the Stage with Tears,
Make mad the Guilty, and appal the Free,
Confound the ign'rant, and amaze indeed
The very Faculties of Eyes and Ears:
But I am Pigeon-liver'd, and lack Gall
To make Oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the Region Kites
With this Slave's Offal. Bloody, bawdy Villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless Villain!
Why, what an As am I? This is most brave,
That I, the Son of a dear Father murder'd,
Prompted to my Revenge by Heav'n and Hell,
Must, like a Whore, unpack my Heart with Words,
And fall a cursing like a very Drab, a Scullion; fie
upon't! foh!

About my Brain: Hum! I have heard,
That guilty Creatures, sitting at a Play,
Have by the very Cunning of the Scene
Been struck so to the Soul, that presently
They have proclaim'd their Malefactions:
For Murder, tho' it have no Tongue, will speak
With most miraculous Organ. I'll have those Players
Play something like the Murder of my Father,
Before my Uncle. I'll observe his Looks,
I'll tent him to the Quick; if he looks pale,
I know my Course. The Spirit that I have seen
May be a Devil, and the Devil may have Power
T'assume a pleasing Shape; yea, and perhaps
Out of my Weakness, and my Melancholy,
As he is very potent with such Spirits,
Abuses me to damn me. I'll have Grounds
More relative than this; the Play's the Thing
Wherein I'll catch the Conscience of the King. [Exit]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencraus, Guildenstern, Gentlemen and Guards.

King. **A**ND can you by no Drift of Conference
Get from him, why he puts on this Con-
fusion?

Ros. He does confess he feels himself distracted;
But from what Cause, he will by no Means speak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded;
But with a crafty Madnes keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to some Confession
Of his true State.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Ros. Most civilly.

Guil. But with much forcing of his Disposition.

Ros. Unapt to question; but of our Demands
Most free in his Reply.

Queen. Did you invite him to any Pastime?

Ros. Madam, it so fell out, that certain Players
We o'ertook on the Way; of these we told him,
And there did seem in him a kind of Joy
To hear of it; they're about the Court,
And (as I think) they have already Order
This Night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:

And he beseech'd me to intreat your Majesties
To hear and see the Matter.

King. With all my Heart,
And it doth much content me
To hear him so inclin'd:

Good Gentlemen, give him a further Edge,
And urge him to these Delights.

Ros. We shall, my Lord, [*Exeunt Ros. and Guil.*]

King. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too,
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as it were by Accident, may meet
Ophelia here: her Father and myself
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing and unseen,
We may of their Encounter judge,

And

And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If't be the Affliction of Love; or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Queen. I shall obey you:

And for my Part, *Ophelia*, I do wish
That your good Beauties be the happy Cause
Of *Hamlet's* Wildness: So I hope your Virtues
Will bring him to his wonted Way again,
To both your Honours.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may. [Exit *Queen*.]

Pol. *Ophelia*, walk you here, whilst we
(If so your Majesty shall please) retire conceal'd:

Pol. I hear him coming: retire, my Lord.

[Exeunt *King* and *Pol*.]

Enter *Hamlet*.

Ham. To be, or not to be? that is the Question.

Whether 'tis nobler in the Mind, to suffer
The Slings and Arrows of outrageous Fortune;
Or to take Arms against a Sea of Troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die, to sleep—
No more; and by a Sleep, to say we end
The Heart-ach, and the Thousand nat'ral Shocks
That Flesh is Heir to; 'tis a Consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;—
To sleep? perchance to dream: Ay, there's the Rub;
For in that Sleep of Death what Dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal Coil,
Must give us Pause:—There's the Respect
That makes Calamity of so long Life.

For who would bear the Whips and Scorns of Time,
Th' Oppressor's Wrong, the proud Man's Contumely,
The Pangs of despis'd Love, the Law's Delay,
The Insolence of Office, and the Spurns
That patient Merit of the Unworthy takes,
When he himself might his *Quietus* make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would Fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary Life?
But that the Dread of something after Death,
(That undiscover'd Country, from whose Bourn
No Traveller returns) puzzles the Will;
And makes us rather bear those Ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.

Thus Conscience does make Cowards of us all ;
 And thus the healthful Face of Resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale Cast of Thought ;
 And Enterprizes of great Pith, and Moment,
 With this Regard their Currents turn awry,
 And lose the Name of Action.—‘ Soft you now.’
 The fair *Ophelia* ! Nymph, in thy Orisons
 Be all my Sins remembered.

Oph. Good my Lord, how do you ?

Ham. I humbly thank you, well.

Oph. My Lord, I have Remembrances of yours,
 That I have long'd to re-deliver ;
 Pray you now receive them.

Ham. No, not I, I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd Lord, you know right well you
 did,

And with them Words of so sweet Breath compos'd,
 As made these Things more rich : Their Perfume lost,
 Take these again ; for to the noble Mind
 Rich Gifts wax poor, when Givers prove unkind.
 There, my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha, are you honest ?

Oph. My Lord !

Ham. Are you fair ?

Oph. What means your Lordship ?

Ham. That if you be honest and fair, you should admit no Discourse to your Beauty.

Oph. Could Beauty, my Lord, have better Commerce
 than with Honesty ?

Ham. Ay, truly, for the Power of Beauty will sooner
 transform Honesty from what it is to a Bawd, than the
 Force of Honesty can translate Beauty into its Likeness :
 This was some Time a Paradox, but now the Time gives
 Proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my Lord, you made me believe so.

Ham. You shou'd not have believ'd me ; for Virtue cannot
 so evacuate our old Stock, but we shall relish of it : I
 lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceiv'd.

Ham. Get thee to a Nunnery ; why should'st thou be a
 Breeder of Sinners ? I am myself indifferent honest, but
 yet I could accuse me of such Things, that it were better

ter my Mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more Offences at my Beck than I have Thoughts to put them in, Imagination to give them Shape, or Time to act them in : What should such Fellows as I do crawling between Earth and Heaven ? We are arrant Knaves, believe none of us ; go thy ways to a Nunnery. Where's your Father ?

Oph. At Home, my Lord.

Ham. Let the Doors be shut upon him,
That he may play the Fool no where but in's own House ;
Farewel.

Oph. O help him, you sweet Heav'ns !

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this Plague for thy Dowry : Be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as Snow, thou shalt not 'scape Calumny. Get thee to a Nunnery. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a Fool, for wise Men know well enough what Monsters you make of them : To a Nunnery, go, and quickly too ; farewell.

Oph. Heav'nly Powers restore him !

Ham. I have heard of your Paintings well enough : Nature hath given you one Face, and you make yourselves another ; you jig and amble, and you lisp, you nickname Heaven's Creatures, and make your Wantonness your Ignorance. Go to ; I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad : I say we will have no more Marriages ; those that are married already, all but one, shall live ; the Rest shall keep as they are. To a Nunnery, go. [*Exit.*]

Oph. O what a noble Mind is here o'erthrown !
The Expectation and Rose of the fair State,
Th' Observ'd of all Observers, quite quite down,
And I of Ladies most deject and wretched,
Now see that noble and most sov'reign Reason,
Like sweet Bells jangled out of Tune, and harsh.
O woe is me !

T'have seen what I have seen, seeing what I see ! [*Exit.*]

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love ! his Affections do not that way tend ;
For what he spake, tho' it lack'd Form a little,
Was not like Madness.

' Thus set it down : ' He shall with Speed to England,
For the Demand of our neglected Tribute.
Haply the Seas and Countries different

With variable Objects, shall expel
This something settled Matter in his Heart,
Whereon his Brains still beating, puts him thus
From Fashion of himself: What think you on't?

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. It shall do well:

'But yet I do believe th' Origin and Commencement
of it,

'Sprung from neglected Love.' How now, *Ophelia*?

You need not tell us what Lord *Hamlet* said,
We heard it all. My Lord, do as you please;
But if you hold it fit, after the Play

Let his Queen-Mother all alone entreat him,
To shew his Grief; let her be round with him;
And I'll be plac'd (so please you) in the Ear
Of all their Conf'rence: If she find him not,
To *England* send him, or confine him where
Your Wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so;

Madness in great Ones must not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Hamlet and three Players,

Ham. Speak the Speech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd
it to you, smoothly from the Tongue: but if you mouth
it, as many of our Players do, I had as lief the Town-
Crier spoke my Lines. And do not saw the Air too
much with your Hand thus, but use all gently; for
in the very Torrent, Tempest, and, as I may say, Whirl-
wind of Passion, you must acquire and beget a Tempe-
rance that may give it Smoothness. O! it offends me
to the Soul, to hear a robustous Periwig-pated Fellow
tear a Passion to very Rags, to split the Ears of the
Groundlings; who, for the most part, are capable of
nothing but inexplicable dumb Shews and Noise: I
would have such a Fellow whipp'd for o'er-doing *Terma-
gant*; it out-*Herods Herod*. Pray you avoid it.

Play. I warrant your Honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own Dis-
cretion be your Tutor. Suit the Action to the Word,
the Word to the Action; with this special Observance,
that you o'er-step not the Modesty of Nature; for any
thing so o'erdone, is from the Purpose of Playing, whose
End, both at first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere,
the

the Mirror up to Nature ; to shew Virtue her own Feature, Scorn her own Image, and the very Age and Body of the Time, his Form and Pressure. O, there be Players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it prophanely, that, neither having the Action of Christian, nor the Gait of Christian, Pagan, nor Man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of Nature's Journeymen had made Men, and not made them well ; they imitated Humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us ?

Ham. O reform it altogether : and let those that play your Clowns, speak no more than is set down to them ; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some Quantity of barren Spectators to laugh too, tho' in the mean Time some necessary Questions of the Play be then to be considered : That's villanous, and shews a most pitiful Ambition in the Fool that uses it. Go, make you ready.

Enter Polonius, Guildenstern, and Rosencraus.

How now, my Lord, will the King hear this Piece of Work ?

Pol. And the Queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make Haste. Will you two help to hasten them ?

Ros. Ay, my Lord.

[Exeunt those three.]

Ham. What ho ! *Horatio ?*

Enter Horatio.

Hor. Here, my Lord, at your Service.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art e'en as just a Man As e'er my Conversation met withal.

Hor. O my dear Lord !

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter ; For what Advancement may I hope from thee, That hast no Revenue but thy good Spirits To feed and cloath thee ? Why should the Poor be flatter'd thou hear ?

Since my dear Soul was Mistress of her Choice, And could of Men distinguish, her Election Hath seal'd thee for herself : for thou hast been As one in suffering all, hast suffered nothing ;

Give

Give me the Man

That is not Passion's Slave, and I will wear him

In my Heart's Core; ay, in my Heart of Hearts,

As I do thee.—Something too much of this.

There is a Play To-night before the King;

One Scene of it comes near the Circumstance

Which I have told thee of my Father's Death:

I prithee, when thou seest that Act on Foot,

Ev'n with the very Comment of thy Soul

Observe my Uncle: if then his hidden Guilt

Do not itself discover in one Speech,

It is a damned Ghost that we have seen.

Give him heedful Note,

For I mine Eyes will rivet to his Face;

And after we will both our Judgments join

In Censure of his Seeming.

Hor. I will, my Lord.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, and Gentlemen.

Ham. They are coming to the Play, I must be idle:
Get you a Place.

King. How fares our Cousin *Hamlet*?

Ham. Excellent, 'faith,

Of the Camelion's Dish I eat, the Air;

Promise-cramm'd, you cannot feed Capons so.

King. I have nothing with this Answer, *Hamlet*;
These Words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine now, my Lord,——

You play'd once in the University, you say. [*To Pol.*]

Pol. That I did, my Lord, and was accounted a very
good Actor.

Ham. What did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Cæsar*. I was kill'd i' th' Ca-
pitol. *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute Part in him to kill so capital a
Calf there.

Be the Players ready?

Res. Ay, my Lord, they wait upon your Patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear *Hamlet*, sit by me.

Ham. No, good Mother, here's Metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho, do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your Lap?

Opb. No, my Lord.

Ham.

Ham. Do you think I mean Country-matters ?

Opb. I think nothing, my Lord. You are merry,
my Lord.

Ham. Your only Jig-maker ; what should a Man do but be merry ? for look you, how chearfully my Mother looks, and my Father died within these two Hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two Months, my Lord.

Ham. So long? nay, then let the Devil wear black, for I'll have a Suit of Sables. 'O Heavens!' die two Months ago, and not forgotten yet! then there's Hope a great Man's Memory may out-live his Life half a Year: but he must build Churches then.

Oph. What means the Play, my Lord ?

Ham. It is miching *Mallico* ; it means Mischief.

Oph. But what's the Argument?

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this Fellow :
The Players cannot keep Secret, they'll shew all.

Oph. Are they so good at Shew, my Lord?

Ham. Ay, at any Shew that you will shew them : be not you ashamed to shew, and they'll not blush to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, I'll mark the
Play.

*Pro! For us, and for our Tragedy,
Here stooping to your Clemency,
We beg your Hearing patiently.*

Ham. Is this the Prologue, or the Posy of a Ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my Lord.

Ham. As Woman's Love.

Enter Player King and Queen.

Pl. King. Full thirty Times has Phæbus' Car gone
round

Since Love our Hearts, and *Hymen* did our Hands
Unite, infolding them in sacred Bands.

Pl. Queen. So many Journeys may the Sun and Moon
Make us again count o'er, 'ere Love be done.
But woe is me, you are so sick of late,
And so far diff'rent from your former State,
'That I distrust you; yet, tho' I distrust,
Discomfort you, my Lord, it nothing must.

Now what my Love is, Proof hath made you know ;
And as my Love is great, my Fear is so ; Where

Where Love is great, the smallest Doubts are Fear;
Where little Fear grows great, great Love grows there.

Pl. King. I must leave thee, Love, and shortly too;
My working Powers their Functions leave to do;
But thou shalt live in this fair World behind,
Honour'd, belov'd, and haply one as kind
For Husband shalt thou——

Pl. Queen. O, confound the rest!
Such Love must needs be Treason in my Breast;
In second Husband let me be accurst;
None wed the second, but who kill'd the first.

Ham. That's Wormwood!

Pl. King. I do believe you think what you now speak;
But what we do determine, oft we break;
What to ourselves in Passion we propose,
The Passion ending, doth the Purpose lose;
Think still thou wilt no second Husband wed;
But die thy Thoughts, when thy first Lord is dead.

Pl. Queen. Nor Earth, oh! give me Food, nor Heaven
Light,

Sport and Repose lock from me, Day and Night!
Both here and hence pursue me lasting Strife,
If once I Widow be, and then a Wife!

Ham. If she should break it now——

Pl. King. 'Tis deeply sworn: Sweet, leave me here a
while;

My Spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious Day with Sleep.

[Sleeps.]

Pl. Queen. Sleep rock thy Brain,

And never come Mischance between us twain!

[Exit.]

Ham. Madam, how like you the Play?

Queen. The Lady doth protest too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but she'll keep her Word.

King. Have you heard the Argument? Is there no
Offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest, no
Offence.

King. What do they call the Play?

Ham. The Mouse-trap; Marry, how? tropically.
This Play is the Image of a Murder done in Vienna.
Gonzago is the King's Name, his Wife *Baptista*, you
shall see anon, 'tis a knavish Piece of Work; but what
of

of that? Your Majesty, and we that have free Souls, it touches us not: let the galled Jade winch, our Withers are unwrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus*, Nephew to the Duke.

Oph. You are as good as a Chorus, my Lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your Love, if I could see the Puppets dallying.

Ham. Begin Murderer; leave thy damnable Faces, and begin. Come, the croaking Raven doth bellow forth Revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, Hands apt, Drugs fit, and Time agreeing,
Confed'rate Season, and no Creature seeing;
Thou Mixture rank, of Midnight Weeds collected,
With *Hecate's* Bane, thrice blasted, thrice infected;
Thy nat'ral Magic, and dire Property,
On wholesome Life usurp immediately.

Ham. He poisons him i'the Garden for his Estate; his Name's *Gonzago*; the Story is extant, and written in very choice *Italian*: you shall see anon how the Murderer gets the Love of *Gonzago's* Wife.

King. Give me some Lights: Away!

Pol. Give over the Play. Lights, Lights, Lights!

[Exeunt all but Ham. and Hor.]

Ham. Why let the stricken Deer go weep,
The Hart ungall'd go play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep;
Thus runs the World away.

Ham. O, good *Horatio*, I'll take the Ghost's Word for a thousand Pounds. Did'st perceive?

Hor. Very well, my Lord.

Ham. Upon the Talk of the Poisoning?

Hor. I did very well note him.

Ham. Ah, ah, come some Music; come, the Recorders;

Enter Rosencreaus and Guildenstern.

Guil. Good, my Lord, vouchsafe me a Word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole History.

Guil. The King.—Sir.

Ham. Ay, Sir, what of him?

Guil. Is in his Retirement marvellous distemper'd.

Ham. With Drink, Sir?

Guil.

Guil. No, my Lord, with Choler.

Ham. Your Wisdom would shew itself richer to signify this to the Doctor; for me to put him to his Purgation, would perhaps plunge him into more Choler.

Guil. Good, my Lord, put your Discourse into some Frame, and start not so wildly from my Business.

Ham. I am tame, Sir, pronounce.

Guil. The Queen your Mother, in most great Affliction of Spirit, hath sent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my Lord, this Courtesy is not of the right Breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome Answer, I will do your Mother's Commandment; if not, your Pardon, and my Return shall be the End of the Business.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Ref. What, my Lord?

Ham. Make you a wholesome Answer, my Wit's diseased. But, Sir, such Answer as I can make, you shall command; or rather, as you say, my Mother.

Ref. Then thus she says; Your Behaviour of late hath struck her into Amazement and Admiration.

Ham. O wonderful Son, that can thus astonish a Mother! But is there no Sequel at the Heels of this Mother's Admiration? Impart.

Ref. She desires to speak with you in her Closet, ere you go to Bed.

Ham. We shall obey, were she ten times our Mother. Have you any further Trade with us?

Ref. My Lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do so still, by these Pickers and Stealers.

Ref. Good my Lord, what is the Cause of your Dis-temper? You do surely bar the Door upon your own Liberty, if you deny your Grievs to your Friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack Advancement.

Ref. How can that be, when you have the Voice of the King himself for your Succession in Denmark?

Enter Horatio with Recorders.

Ham. Ay, Sir, but while the Grass grows—the Proverb is something musty.—Oh the Recorders; why do you go about to recover Wind of me, as if you would drive me into a Toil?

Guil.

Guil. Oh, my Lord, if my Duty be too bold, my Love is unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this Pipe?

Guil. My Lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I beseech you.

Guil. I know no Touch of it, my Lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as Lying; govern these Ventiges with your Fingers and Thumb; give it Breath with your Mouth, and it will discourse most excellent Music: Look you, these are the Stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any Utterance of Harmony. I have not the Skill.

Ham. Why look you now, how unworthy a Thing you make of me; you would play upon me; you would seem to know my Stops; you would pluck out the Heart of my Mystery; you would sound me to the lowest Note, to the Top of my Compass; and there is much Music, excellent Voice, in this little Organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sdeath, do you think I'm easier to be play'd on than a Pipe? Call me what Instrument you will, tho' you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My Lord, the Queen would speak with you, and presently.

Ham. Do you see yonder Cloud, that's almost in Shape of a Camel?

Pol. 'Tis like a Camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks 'tis like a Wezel.

Pol. It is black like a Wezel.

Ham. Or like a Whale.

Pol. Very like a Whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my Mother by and by— They fool me to the Top of my Bent. 'I will come by and by.'

Pol. I will say so.

[Exit.

Ham. Leave me, Friends.

[Exeunt.

'Tis now the very witching Time of Night,
When Church-yards yawn, and Hell itself breathes out
Contagion

Contagion to the World : Now could I drink hot Blood,
And do such Deeds, as Day itself

Would quake to look on. Soft ! now to my Mother !

O Heart, lose not thy Nature ! let not ever

The Soul of *Nero* enter this firm Bosom !

Let me be cruel, not unnatural :

I will speak Daggers to her, but use none. [Exit.

Enter King, Rosencraus, and Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his Madness range. Therefore prepare you ;

For we will Fetters put about this Fear,

Which now goes too free-footed

Ros. We will make haste. [Exit *Ros. and Guil.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Sir, he is going to his Mother's Closet ;

Behind the Arras I'll convey myself

To hear the Process ; I'll warrant she'll tax him home.

And, as you said, and wisely was it said,

'Tis meet that some more Audience than a Mother,

Since Nature makes them partial, should o'erhear

Their Speech. Fare you well, my Liege ;

I'll call upon you ere you go to Bed,

And tell you what I hear.

[Exit.

King. Thanks, dear my Lord.

Oh ! my Offence is rank, it smells to Heav'n ;

It hath the eldest Curse upon't,

A Brother's Murder. Pray I cannot,

'Tho' Inclination be as sharp as 'twill,

My stronger Guilt defeats my strong Intent ;

And like a Man to double Business bound,

I stand in Pause where I shall first begin,

And both neglect. What if this cursed Hand

Were thicker than itself with Brother's Blood ?

Is there not Rain enough in the sweet Heav'n's

To wash it white as Snow ? Whereto serves Mercy,

But to confront the Visage of Offence ?

And what's in Prayer, but this twofold Force,

To be forestalled ere we come to fall,

Or pardon'd being down ? Then I'll look up :

My Fault is past. But oh ! what Form of Prayer

Can serve my Turn ? Forgive me my foul Murder !

That cannot be, since I am still possess'd

Of those Effects for which I did the Murder !
 My Crown, mine own Ambition, and my Queen.
 May one be pardon'd, and retain th' Offence ?
 In the corrupted Currents of this World
 Offence's gilded Hand may shove by Justice ;—
 And oft 'tis seen, the wicked Prize itself
 Buys out the Laws ; but 'tis not so above :
 There is no shuffling ; there the Action lies
 In its true Nature, and we ourselves compelled,
 Ev'n to the Teeth and Forehead of our Faults,
 To give in Evidence. What then ! what rests ?
 Try what Repentance can : What can it not ?
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent ?
 O wretched State ! O Bosom black as Death !
 O limed Soul, that, struggling to be free,
 Art more engag'd ! ' Help, Angels ! make assay !
 Bow, stubborn Knees, and Hearts with Strings of Steel,
 Be soft as Sinews of the new-born Babe.
 All may be well. *[The King retires and kneels.]*

Enter Queen and Polonius.

Pol. He will come strait, look you lay home to him,
 Tell him his Pranks have been too broad to bear with,
 And that your Grace hath stood between
 Much Heat and him. I'll here conceal myself :
 Pray you be round with him.

Queen. Withdraw, I hear him coming.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, Mother, what's the Matter ?

Queen. *Hamlet*, thou hast thy Father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my Father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you answer with an idle Tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you question with a wicked Tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, *Hamlet* ?

Ham. What's the Matter now ?

Queen. Have you forgot me ?

Ham. No, ' by the Rood, not so ;'

You are a Queen, your Husband's Brother's Wife ;
 And, would it were not so, you are my Mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll set those to you that can speak.

Ham. Come, come, sit you down ; you shall not budge :
 You go not, till I set you up a Glass,
 Where you may see the inmost Part of you.

Queen.

Queen. What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not murder me? Help, ho!

Pol. What ho, Help! [*Behind the Arras.*]

Ham. How now, a Rat! dead for a Ducat, dead.

[*Kills Pol.*]

Pol. O! I am slain.

Queen. What hast thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not: Is it the King?

Queen. O what a rash and bloody Deed is this!

Ham. A bloody Deed, almost as bad, good Mother, As kill a King, and marry with his Brother.

Queen. As kill a King?

Ham. Ay, Lady, 'twas my Word

Thou wretched, rash, intruding Fool, farewell; [*To Pol.*]

I took thee for thy Betters; take thy Fortune:

Thou find'st, to be too busy is some Danger.

Leave wringing of your Hands: Peace sit you down,

And let me wring your Heart; for so I shall

If it be made of penetrable Stuff;

If damned Custom have not braz'd it so,

That it be Proof and Bulwark against Sense.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dost wag thy Tongue

In Noife so rude against me?

Ham. Such an Act,

That blurs the Grace and Blush of Modesty,

Calls Virtue Hypocrite, takes off the Rose

From the fair Forehead of an innocent Love,

And sets a Blister there; makes Marriage-Vows,

As false as Dicers' Oaths: Oh such a Deed!

As from the Body of Contraction plucks

The very Soul, and sweet Religion makes

A Rhapsody of Words.

Ah me! that Act!

Queen. Ah me! what Act?

Ham. Look here upon this Picture, and on this,

The counterfeit Presentment of two Brothers;

See what a Grace was seated on this Brow,

Hyperion's Curls, the Front of *Jove* himself;

An Eye, like *Mars*, to threaten or command;

A Station like the Herald *Mercury*,

New-lighted on a Heaven-kissing Hill;

A Com-

A Combination, and a Form indeed,
Where every God did seem to set his Seal,
To give the World Assurance of a Man :
This was your Husband—Look now what follows.
Here is your Husband, like a mildewed Ear,
Blasting his wholesome Brother. Have you Eyes ?
Could you on this fair Mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this Moore ? Ha ! have you Eyes ?
You cannot call it Love ; for at your Age
The Heyday of the Blood is tame, 'tis humble,
And waits upon the Judgment ; and what Judgment
Would step from this to this ?
O Shame where is thy Blush ?
Rebellious Hell.

If thou can'st mutiny in a Matron's Bones,
To flaming Youth let Virtue be as Wax,
And melt in her own Fire.

Queen. O *Hamlet*, speak no more !
Thou turn'st mine Eyes into my very Soul.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank of an incestuous Bed.

Queen. No more, sweet *Hamlet*.

Ham. A Murderer, and a Villain !
A Slave, that's not the twentieth Part the Tythe
Of your precedent Lord : a Vice of Kings ;
A Cutpurse of the Empire and the Rule,
That from a Shelf the precious Diadem stole,
And put it in his Pocket :

Enter Ghost.

Save me, and hover o'er me with your Wings,
You heavenly Guards!--What would your gracious Figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy Son to chide,
That laps'd in Time and Passion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread Command ? O say !

Ghost. Do not forget : this Visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted Purpose.
But look ! Amazement on thy Mother sits :
O step between her and her fighting Soul !
Conceit in weakest Bodies strongest Works.
Speak to her, *Hamlet*.

Ham. How is it with you, Madam ?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you ?
That you do bend your Eye on Vacancy,

And with th' incorporeal Air do hold Discourse?
Forth at your Eyes your Spirits wildly peep.

O gentle Son!

Upon the Heat and Flame of thy Distemper
Sprinkle cool Patience: whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him!—look you how pale he glares!
His Form and Cause conjoin'd, preaching to Stones,
Would make them capable. Don't look upon me,
Lest with this piteous Action you convert
My stern Effects; then what I have to do,
Will want true colour, Tears perchance for Blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all, yet all that's here, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why look you there; look how it stalks away!
My Father in his Habit as he lived;
Look where he goes, even now out at the Portal.

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Queen. This is the very Coinage of your Brain.

Ham. My Pulse, as yours, doth temp'rately keep Time,
And make as healthful Music: 'Tis not Madness
That I have utter'd; bring me to the Test,
And I the Matter will re-word, which Madness
Cannot do. Mother, for the Love of Grace,
Lay not the flatt'ring Unction to your Soul,
That not your Trespas, but my Madness speaks;
It will but skin and film the ul'rous Place,
Whilst rank Corruption mining all within,
Infects unseen: Confess yourself to Heav'n,
Repent what's past, avoid what is to come;

Queen. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my Heart.

Ham. Then throw away the worser Part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good-night, but go not to my Uncle's Bed;
Assume a Virtue, if you have it not.
Once more Good-night!
And when you are desirous to be blest,
I'll Blessing beg of you.—For this same Lord,

[*Pointing to Pol.*]

I do repent; but Heav'n hath pleased it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their Scourge and Minister.

I will bestow him, and will answer well
The Death I gave him ; so again, Good-night !
I must be cruel, only to be kind ;
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.
[Exit Ham. dragging out Pol.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Royal Apartment.

Enter King and Queen.

King. **T**HERE's Matter in these Sighs,
You must expound them :
Where is your Son ? [Exeunt Ros. and Guil,
How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the Sea and Wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier ; in his lawless Fit,
Behind the Arras hearing something stir,
He whips his Rapier out, and cries, a Rat !
And in his brainish Apprehension, kills
The unseen good old Man.

King. O heavy Deed !
It had been so with us, had we been there.
Where is he gone ?

Queen. To draw apart the Body he hath kill'd.

King. Gertrude, come away ;
The Sun no sooner shall the Mountains touch,
But we will ship him hence ; and this vile Deed
We must, with all our Majesty and Skill,
Both count'nance and excuse—Ho, Guildenstern !

Enter Rosencraus and Guildenstern.
Friends both, go join you with some farther Aid ;
Hamlet in Madness hath *Polonius* slain,
And from his Mother's Closet he hath dragg'd him :
Go seek him out, speak fair, and bring the Body
Into the Chapel ; I pray you haste in this.
Come, Gertrude. [Exeunt.]

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stow'd. [Within.] Hamlet ! Lord Hamlet !
C
Ham.

Ham. What Noise? Who calls *Hamlet*?

O here they come.

Ref. What have you done, my Lord, with the dead Body?

Ham. Compounded it with the Dust, whereto it is akin.

Ref. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the Chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ref. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your Counsel, and not my own; besides, to be demanded of a Sponge, what Replication should be made by the Son of a King?

Ref. Take you me for a Sponge, my Lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir, that soaks up the King's Countenance, his Rewards, his Authorities: But such Officers do the King best Service in the End; he keeps them like an Apple in the Corner of his Jaw, first mouth'd to be last swallow'd; when he needs what you have glean'd, it is but squeezing you, and Sponge, you shall be dry again.

Ref. I understand you not, my Lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: A knavish Speech sleeps in a foolish Ear.

Ref. My Lord, you must tell us where the Body is, and go with us to the King.

Ham. Bring me to him.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter King and Gentlemen.

King. I've sent to seek him, and to find the Body;

How dang'rous is it, that this Man goes loose?

Yet must we not put the strong Law upon him:

He's lov'd of the distracted Multitude,

Who like not in their Judgment, but their Eyes;

And where 'tis so, th' Offender's Scourge is weigh'd,

But never the Offence. To bear all smooth and even,

This sudden sending him away must seem

Delib'rate Pause: Diseases desperate grown,

By desperate Appliance are reliev'd,

Or not at all.

Enter Rosencraus and Guildenstern.

King. How now? What hath befallen?

Ref. Where the dead Body is bestow'd, my Lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ref.

Ref. Without, my Lord, guarded, to know your
Pleasure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ref. Ho, bring in the Lord *Hamlet*.

Enter Hamlet and Guards.

King. Now, *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius*?

Ham. At Supper.

King. At Supper! where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten; a
certain Convocation of politic Worms are e'en at him.

King. Where is *Polonius*?

Ham. In Heaven, send thither to see: if your Messenger find him not there, seek him i' th' other Place yourself: but indeed, if you find him not within this Month, you shall nose him as you go up stairs into the Lobby.

King. Go seek him there.

Ham. He will stay till you come.

King. *Hamlet*, this Deed for thine especial Safety,
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence;
Therefore prepare thyself,
The Bark is ready and the Wind sits fair,
For *England*.

Ham. For *England*?

King. Ay, *Hamlet*.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'st our Purposes.

Ham. I see the Cherub that sees them: but come, for
England: Farewel, dear Mother!

King. Thy loving Father, *Hamlet*.

Ham. My Mother: Father and Mother is Man and Wife;
Man and Wife is one Flesh; and so my Mother. Farewel,
Mother! Come, for *England*! [Exit.]

King. Follow him,
Tempt him with Speed abroad;
Away, for every thing is seal'd and done,
And, *England*! if my present Love thou hold'st at aught,
Let it be testify'd in *Hamlet*'s Death. [Exit.]

Enter Queen, Horatio, and a Gentleman.

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Gent. She is importunate,
Indeed distracted, and deserves your Pity.

H A M L E T,

Queen. I will not speak with her.

Hor. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may
strew

Dang'rous Conjectures in ill-breeding Minds.

Queen. Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia.

Oph. Where is the beauteous Majesty of Denmark?

Queen. How now, Ophelia! [*she sings.*]

Oph. How should I your true Love know from another one?

By his Cockle Hat and Staff, and his Sandal Shoon.

Queen. Alas, sweet Lady, what imports this Song?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you mark:

He is dead and gone, Lady, he is dead and gone; [*Sings.*]

At his Head a grass-green Turf, at his Heels a Stone;

Oh, ho.

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia.

Oph. Pray you mark.

White his Shroud as Mountain Snow,

Larded all with sweet Flowers,

Which bewept to the Grave did go

With true Love-showers.

Enter King.

Queen. Alas! look here, my Lord?

King. How do you, pretty Lady?

Oph. Well, God yield you! They say the Owl was a Baker's Daughter. We know what we are, but know not what we may be.

King. Conceit upon her Father.

Oph. Pray let's have no Words of this; but when they ask you what it means, say this:

To-morrow is St. Valentine's Day, [*Sings.*]

All in the Morn betime;

And I a Maid at your Window,

To be your Valentine.

King. Pretty Ophelia.

Oph. Indeed without an Oath I'll make an End on't.

Then up he arose, and don'd his Cloaths, and ope'd his Chamber-door

Let in the Maid, that out a Maid never departed more.

King.

King. How long hath she been thus?

Oph. I hope all will be well; we must be patient; but I cannot chuse but weep, to think they should lay him i' th' cold Ground: my Brother should know of it, and so I thank you for your good Counsel——

Come, my Coach, Good-night, Ladies, Good-night, Sweet Ladies, Good-night, Good-night.

King. Follow her close, give her good Watch, I pray you:

This is the Poison of deep Grief; it springs

All from her Father's Death.

[*A Noise within.*]

Enter Gentlemen.

Gen. Save yourself, my Lord.

Young *Laertes*, in a riotous Head,

O'er-bears your Officers; the Rabble call him Lord;

They cry, Chuse we *Laertes* for our King:

Caps, Hands, and Tongues applaud it to the Clouds,

Laertes shall be King, *Laertes* King! [*A Noise within.*]

Laer. [*within.*] Where is the King? Sirs, stand you all without.

Enter Laertes.

O thou vile King, give me my Father.

Queen. Calmly, good *Laertes*.

Laer. That Drop of Blood that's calm, proclaims me Bastard,

Cries Cuckold to my Father, brands the Harlot | Ev'n here, between the chaste unsmirched Brow Of my true Mother.

King. What is the Cause, *Laertes*?

That thy Rebellion looks so Giant-like;

Let him go, *Gertrude*: do not fear our Person;

There's such Divinity doth hedge a King,

That Treason dares not reach at what it would,

Let him go, *Gertrude*.

Laer. Where's my Father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his Fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with. To Hell, Allegiance! Vows, to the blackest Devil! To this Point I stand,

That both the Worlds I give to Negligence,

Let come what will ; only I'll be reveng'd
Most thoroughly for my Father.

King. Who shall stay you ?

Laer. My Will, not all the World :
And for my Means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

King. Will you, in Revenge of your
Dear Father's Death, destroy both Friend and Foe ?

Laer. None but his Enemies.

King. Will you know them then ?

Laer. To his good Friends thus wide I'll ope my
Arms,

And like the kind Life-rend'ring Pelican
Relieve them with my Blood.

King. Why, now you speak
Like a true Gentleman.

That I am guiltless of your Father's Death,
And am most sensible in Grief for it,
It shall as level to you Judgment lie,
As Day does to your Eye.

Hor. [Within.] O poor Ophelia !

Laer. Let her come in.

Enter Ophelia

By Heav'n, thy Madness shall be paid with Weight,
Till our Scale turn the Beam. O Rose of May !
Dear Maid, kind Sister, sweet Ophelia !
O Heav'ns ! is't possible a young Maid's Wits
Should be as mortal as a sick Man's Life ?

Oph. *They bore him bare-fac'd on the Bier,* [Sings.
And in his Grave rain'd many a Tear ;
Fare you well, my Love.

Laer. Hadst thou thy Wits, and didst persuade Revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, Down a-down,
And you call him a down-a. O how the Wheel be-
comes it !

It is the false Steward that stole his Master's Daughter.

Laer. This nothing is much more than Matter.

Oph. There's Rosemary, that's for Remembrance ;
pray you, Love, remember : and there's Pancies, that's
for Thoughts.

Laer.

Laer. A Document in Madness, Thoughts and Remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's Fennel for you, and Columbines; there's Rue for you, and here's some for me. We may call it Herb of Grace o'Sundays; O you may wear your Rue with a Difference. There's a Daisy: I would give you some Violets, but they withered all when my Father died: they say he made a good End.

For bonny sweet Robin is all my Joy. [Sings.

Laer. Thought and Affliction, Passion, Hell itself! She turns to Favour, and to Prettiness.

Oph. And will he not come again?

And will he not come again?

No, no, he is dead, go to thy Death-bed,

He never will come again.

His Beard as white as Snow,

All flaxen was his Pole;

He is gone, he is gone, and we cast away Moan;

And Peace be with his Soul, and with all Lovers

Souls.

[Exit.

King. *Laertes*, I must share in your Grief,
Or you deny me Right: go but a-part,
Make Choice of whom your wisest Friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by collat'ral Hand
They find us touch'd, we will our Kingdom give,
To you in Satisfaction: but if not,
Be you content to lend your Patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your Soul,
To give it due Content.

Laer. Let this be so.

His Means of Death, his obscure Funeral,
No Trophy; Sword, or Hatchment o'er his Bones,
No noble Rite, nor formal Ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from Earth to Heaven,
That I must call't in Question.

King. So you shall;

And where th' Offence is, let the great Ax fall.

I pray you go with me.

[Exeunt.

Enter Horatio and Gentleman.

Hor. What are they that would speak with me?

Gent. Sea-faring Men, Sir; they say they have Letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.

I do not know from what Part of the World
I should be greeted, if not from *Hamlet*.

Enter two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* Save you, Sir.

2 *Sail.* Here are Letters for you, Sir; if your Name be *Horatio*, as we are inform'd it is.

Horatio reads the Letter.

'*Horatio*, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these Fellows some Means to the King; they have Letters for him. Ere we were two Days old at Sea, a Pirate of very warlike Appointment gave us Chace. Finding ourselves too slow of Sail, we put on a compelled Valour, and in the Grapple I boarded them: On the Instant they got clear of our Ship, and so I alone became their Prisoner. They have dealt with me like Thieves of Mercy, but they knew what they did. I am to do a Turn for them. Let the King have the Letters I have sent, and repair thou to me with as much Speed as thou wouldst fly Death. I have Words to speak in thine Ear will make thee dumb, yet are they much too light for the Matter. These good Fellows will bring thee where I am. *Rosencrans* and *Guildestern* hold their Course for *England*. Of them I have much to tell thee. Farewel.

Hamlet.'

Come, I will make you Way for these your Letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now must your Conscience my Acquaintance seal,
And you must put me in your Heart for Friend;
Since you have heard, and with a knowing Ear,
That he who hath your noble Father slain,
Pursu'd my Life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me
Why you proceed not against these Crimes
So capital in Nature.

King.

King. For two special Reasons,
Which may perhaps to you seem weak,
But yet to me they're strong. The Queen, his Mother,
Lives almost by his Looks.
The other Motive,
Why to a public Court I might not go,
Is the great Love the People bear him,
Who, dipping all his Faults in their Affection,
Would, like the Spring that turneth Wood to Stone,
Convert his Gyves to Graces.

Laer. And so I have a noble Father lost,
A Sister driven into desperate Terms,
Whose Worth, if Praises may go back again,
Stood Challenger on Mount of all the Age
For her Perfections. But my Revenge will come.

King. Break not your Sleep for that: you must not
think
That we are made of Stuff so flat and dull,
That we can let our Beard be shook with Danger,
And think it Pastime: You shall soon hear more.
I lov'd your Father, and we love ourself.

Enter a Messenger.

How now! what News?

Mess. Letters, my Lord, from *Hamlet*: These to your
Majesty: This to the Queen.

King. From *Hamlet*? Who brought them?

Mess. Sailors, my Lord, they say; I saw them not:
They were giv'n me by *Claudio*; he receiv'd them
Of him that brought them.

King. *Laertes*, you shall hear them: leave us.

[Ex. Mess.]

'High and Mighty, you shall know I am set naked on
'your Kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg Leave to see
'your kingly Eyes; when I shall, first asking your Par-
'don thereunto, recount the Occasion of my sudden
'and most strange" Return.'

What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some Abuse, and no such Thing?

Laer. Know you the Hand?

King. 'Tis *Hamlet*'s Character. Naked!
And in a Postscript here he says, alone:
Can you advise me?

Laer. I'm lost in't, my Lord; but let him come.

It warms the very Sickness of my Heart,
That I shall live to tell him to his Teeth,
Thus didst thou.

King. If it be so, *Laertes*,
As how should it be so?—How otherwise?—
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my Lord, so you will not o'er-rule me to
a Peace.

King. To thine own Peace: if he be now return'd,
As liking not his Voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it, I will work him
To an-Exploit now ripe in my Device,
Under the which he shall not chuse but fall:
And for his Death no Wind of Blame shall breathe,
But even his Mother shall uncharge the Practice,
And call it Accident.

Laer. My Lord, I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could devise it so,
That I might be the Instrument.

King. It falls right:
You have been talk'd of since your Travel much,
And that in *Hamlet's* Hearing, for a Quality
Wherein they say you shine.

Laer. What Part is that, my Lord?

King. A very Feather in the Cap of Youth,
Yet needful too. Two Months since
Here was a Gentleman of *Normandy*:
I've seen myself, and serv'd against, the *French*,
And they can well on Horseback: But this Gallant
Had Witchcraft in't, he grew into his Seat;
And to such wond'rous Doing brought his Horse,
As he had been incorp's'd and Demi-natur'd
With the brave Beast: so far he topp'd my Thought,
That I in Forgery of Shapes and Tricks
Came short of what he did.

Laer. A Norman was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my Life, Lamound.

King. The very same.

Laer. I know him well; he is indeed
The Gem of all the Nation.

King. He made Confession of you,

And

And gave you such a masterly Report,
For Art and Exercise in your Defence,
And for your Rapier most especially,
That he cry'd out, 'Twould be a Sight indeed,
To see *Laertes* match'd. The Fencers of their Nation,
He swore, had neither Motion, Guard, nor Eye,
If you oppos'd them. Sir, this Report of his
Did *Hamlet* so envenom with his Envy,
That he could nothing do, but wish and beg
Your sudden coming over to play with him.
Now out of this——

Laer. What of this, my Lord?

King. *Laertes*, was your Father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a Sorrow,
A Face without a Heart?

Laer. Why ask you this?

King. Not that I think you did not love your Father.
But to the Business:

Hamlet comes back: What would you undertake
To shew yourself indeed your Father's Son,
More than in Words?

Laer. To cut his Throat i' th' Church.

King. No Place indeed should protect a Murderer,
Revenge should have no Bounds: But, good *Laertes*,
Keep close within your Chamber;

Hamlet return'd, shall know you are come Home.

We'll put on those shall praise your Excellence,
And set a double Varnish on the Fame
The *Frenchman* gave you; bring you, in fine, together,
And wager on your Heads. He being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the Foils; so that with Ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may chuse
A Sword unbated, and 'in a Pass of Practice'
Requite him for your Father's Death.

Laer. I'll do't;

And for the Purpose I'll anoint my Sword:
I bought an Unction of a Mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a Knife in it,
Where it draws Blood, no Cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all Simples that have Virtue

Under the Moon, can save the Thing from Death:
That is but scratch'd withal: I'll touch my Point
With this Contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be Death.

King. Let's further think of this;
I hav't when in your Motion you are hot,
And make your Bouts more violent to that End,
And that he calls for Drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A Chalice for the Purpose; whereon but tasting,
If he by Chance escape your venom'd Sword
It shall be Death.

Enter Queen.

Queen. One Woe doth tread upon another's Heel,
So fast they follow: Your Sister's drown'd, *Laertes*.

Laer. Drown'd! O where?

Queen. There's a Willow growing o'er a Brook,
That shews his hoary Leaves i' th' glassy Stream,
Near which fantastic Garlands she did make
Of Crow-flow'rs, Nettles, Daisies, and long Purples,
There on the pendant Boughs her Coronet weeds,
Clamb'ring to hang, an envious Sliver broke;
When down her weedy Trophies, and herself,
Fell in the weeping Brook.

Laer. Alas then, she is drown'd.

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of Water hast thou, poor *Opbelia*,
And therefore I forbid my Tears: But yet
It is our Trick. Nature her Custom holds,
Let Shame say what it will. Adieu, my Lord!
I have a Fire that fain would blaze,
But that this Folly drowns it.

[*Exit.*]

King. Let's follow, *Gertrude*;
How much had I to do to calm his Rage!
Now I fear this will give it Start again;
Therefore let's follow.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter two Grave-Diggers.

1 Grave. **I**S she to be buried in Christian Burial, when she wilfully seeks her own Salvation?

2 Grave. I tell thee she is; therefore make her Grave straight; the Crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian Burial.

1 Grave. How can that be, unless she drown'd herself in her own Defence?

2 Grave. Why 'tis found so.

1 Grave. It must be *se offendendo*, it cannot be else. For here lies the Point; if I drown myself wittingly, it argues an Act; and an Act hath three Branches: It is to act, to do, and to perform; *argal*, she drown'd herself wittingly.

2 Grave. Nay, but hear you, Goodman Delver.

1 Grave. Give me Leave; here lies the Water, good: here stands the Man, good: If the Man go to this Water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: But if the Water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himself: *argal*, he that is not guilty of his own Death, shortens not his own Life.

2 Grave. But is this Law?

1 Grave. Ay marry is't, the Crowner's Quest-Law.

2 Grave. Will you have the Truth on't? If this had not been a Gentlewoman, she would have been buried without Christian Burial.

1 Grave. Why, there thou said'st; and the more Pity that great Folk should have Countenance in the World to drown or hang themselves, more than we. Come, my Spade; there is no antient Gentlemen but Gardeners, Ditchers, and Grave-diggers; they hold up *Adam's* Profession.

2 Grave. Was he a Gentleman?

1 Grave. He was the first that ever bore Arms. I'll put another Question to thee, if thou answerest me not to the Purpose, confess thyself——

2 Grave. Go to.

1 *Grave.* What is he that builds stronger than either the Mason, the Shipwright, or the Carpenter?

2 *Grave.* The Gallows-maker, for that Frame out-lives a thousand Tenants.

1 *Grave.* I like thy Wit well; the Gallows does well: But how does it well? It does well to those that do ill: Now thou do'st ill to say the Gallows is built stronger than the Church: *argal*, the Gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

2 *Grave.* Who builds stronger than a Mason, a Shipwright, or a Carpenter?

1 *Grave.* Ay, tell me that and unyoke.

2 *Grave.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Grave.* To't.

2 *Grave.* Mafs, I cannot tell.

1 *Grave.* Cudgel thy Brains no more about it; for your dull Asfs will not amend his Peace with Beating; and when thou art asked this Question next, say, A Grave-digger. The Houses he makes last till Doomsday

Go, get thee in, and fetch me a stoop of Liquor.

[Exit 2d *Grave.*

In Youth when I did love, did love,

Methought it was very sweet;

To contract, O, the Time for, a my behove

O, methought there was nothing so meet.

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. Has this Fellow no Feeling in his Business, that he sings at Grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a Property of Easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so, the Hand of little Employment hath the daintier Sense.

Grave. *But Age with stealing Steps*

Hath claw'd me in his Clutch;

And hath shipp'd me into the Land,

As if I had never been such.

Ham. That Skull had a Tongue in't, and could sing once; how the Knave jowls it to the Ground, as if 'twere Cain's Jaw-bone, that did the first Murder. This might be the Pate of a Politician 'which this Ass now o'er-reaches; one that would circumvent Heaven,' might it not?

Hor. It might my Lord.

Ham.

Ham. Did these Bones cost no more the Breeding but to play at Loggers with them? Mine ach to think on't.

Grave. *A Pick-ax and a Spade, a Spade,
For—and a shrowding Sheet!
Or a Pit of Clay—for to be made
For such a Guest is meet.*

Ham. There's another: Why may not that be the Skull of a Lawyer? Where be his Quiddities now? his Quillities? his Cases? his Tenures and his Tricks? Why does he suffer this rude Knave now to knock him about the Sconce with a dirty Shovel, and will not tell him of his Action of Battery? I will speak to this Fellow. Whose Grave's this, Sirrah?

Grave. Mine, Sir—

O, a Pit of Clay, &c.

[Sings.]

Ham. I think it's thine, indeed; for thou ly'st in't.

Grave. You lie out on't, Sir, and therefore 'tis not yours: for my Part, I do not lie in't, yet it's mine.

Ham. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't, and say it is thine; 'tis for the Dead, and not for the Quick, therefore thou ly'st.

Grave. 'Tis a quick Lie, Sir; 'twill again from me to you.

Ham. What Man dost thou dig it for?

Grave. For no Man, Sir.

Ham. What Woman then?

Grave. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Grave. One that was a Woman, Sir; but rest her Soul, she's dead.

Ham. How absolute the Knave is? We must speak by the Card, or Equivocation will undo us. How long hast thou been a Grave-maker?

Grave. Of all the Days i' th' Year, I came to't that Day our last King *Hamlet* overcame *Fortinbras*.

Ham. How long is that since?

Grave. Cannot you tell that? every Fool can tell that; it was that very Day that young *Hamlet* was born, he that is mad and sent into *England*.

Ham. Ay marry, why was he sent into *England*?

Grave. Why! because he was mad; he shall recover his Wits there, or if he do not, 'tis no great Matter there.

Ham.

Ham. Why?

Grave. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there are Men as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Grave. Very strangely, they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Grave. Faith, e'en with losing his Wits.

Ham. Upon what Ground?

Grave. Why, here, in *Denmark*; where I have been Sexton, Man and Boy, thirty Years.

Ham. How long will a Man lie i' th' Earth ere he rot?

Grave. Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, as we have many a pocky Corse, that will scarce hold the laying in, he will last you some eight Years, or nine Years: A Tanner will last you nine Years.

Ham. Why him more than another?

Grave. Why, Sir, his Hide is so tann'd with his Trade, that he will keep out Water a great while; and your Water is a fore Decayer of your whoreson dead Body: Here's a Scull now hath lain i' th' Earth three and twenty Years.

Ham. Whose was it?

Grave. A whoreson mad Fellow it was; whose do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Grave. A Pestilence on him for a mad Rogue! he pour'd a Flaggon of Rhenish on my Head once: this same Skull, Sir, was *Yorick's* Skull, the King's Jester.

Ham. This?

Grave. Even that.

Ham. Alas, poor *Yorick*! I knew him well, *Horatio*; a Fellow of infinite Jest; of most excellent Fancy: he hath borne me on his Back a thousand Times: Here hung those Lips that I have kissed I know not how oft. Where be your Gibes now? Your Jest? Your Songs? Your Flashes of Merriment, that were wont to set the Table on roar? Not one now to mock your own Grinning? Quite Chop-fal'n! Now get you to my Lady's Table, and tell her, let her paint an Inch thick, to this Complexion she must come; make her laugh at that. Prithee, *Horatio*, tell me one Thing.

Hor. What's that, my Lord?

Ham. Dost thou think *Alexander* look'd o' this Fashion i' th' Earth.

Hor.

Hor. Even so.

Ham. And smelt so? pah. [Smelling to the Skull.

Hor. E'en so, my Lord.

Ham. To what base Uses we may return, *Horatio*! Why may not Imagination trace the noble Dust of *Alexander*, till we find it stopping a Bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to consider too curiously to consider so.

Ham. No, Faith, not a Jot; but to follow him thither with Modesty enough, and Likelihood to lead it; as thus: *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to Dust; the Dust is Earth; of Earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome whereto he was converted, might they not stop a Beer-barrel?

Imperial *Cæsar*, dead and turn'd to Clay,

Might stop a Hole to keep the Wind away:

O, that that Earth, which kept the world in Awe,
Should patch a Wall t'expel the Winter's Flaw!

Scene draws and discovers the King, Queen, Laertes, and Priest, with a Corse.

But soft, but soft a while, here come the King,
The Queen, and all the Court. Who's this they follow,
And with such maimed Rites? This doth betoken,
The Corse they follow'd did with desperate Hand
Destroy its own Life; 'twere of some Estate;
Stand by a while and mark.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very noble Youth.

Laer. What Ceremony else?

Priest. Her Obsequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have Warranty; her Death was doubtful;
And, but that great Command o'er-sways the Order,
She should in Ground unsanctify'd be lodg'd:
For charitable Prayers,
Flints and Pebbles should be thrown upon her;
Yet here she is allow'd her Virgin Rites,
Her Maiden Strewments, and the bringing Home
Of Bell and Burial.

Laer. Must there no more be done?

Priest. No more;

We should prophane the Service of the Dead,
To sing a *Requiem*, and such Rest to her
As to peace-parted Souls.

Laer. Lay her i' th' Earth;

And

And from her fair and unpolluted Flesh,
May Violets spring! I tell thee, churlish Priest,
A ministring Angel shall my Sister be,
When thou ly'st howling.

Ham. What, the fair *Ophelia*!

Queen. Sweets to the Sweet, farewell!

[Throws in a Garland of Flowers.]

I hop'd thou would'st have been my *Hamlet's* Wife;
I thought thy Bride-bed to have deck'd, sweet Maid,
And not have strew'd thy Grave.

Laer. O treble Woe

Fall ten times double on that cursed Head,
Whose wicked Deed depriv'd thee of
Thy most ingenious Sense! Hold off the Earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in my Arms:

[Leaps into the Grave.]

Now pile your Dust upon the Quick and Dead,
Till of this Flat a Mountain you have made,
T'o'er-top old *Pelion*, or the skyish Head
Of blue *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he, whose Griefs
Bear such an Emphasis? Whose Phrase of Sorrow
Conjures the wand'ring Stars, and makes them stand
Like wonder-wounded Hearers? It is I,

Hamlet the Dane. *[Leaps into the Grave.]*

Laer. Perdition catch thee? *[Grappling with him.]*

Ham. Thou pray'st not well.

I prithee take thy Fingers from my Throat—
For though I am not splenetic and rash,
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy Wisdom fear——Hold off thy Hand.

King. Pluck them asunder.

Ham. Why, I'll fight with him upon this Theme
Until my Eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my Son! What Theme?

Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia*; forty thousand Brothers
Could not with all their Quantity of Love
Make up my Sum. What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, *Laertes*.

Ham. Shew me what thou wilt do.
Wilt weep? Wilt fight? Wilt fast? Wilt tear thyself?
Wilt drink up Eisel? Eat a Crocodile?

I'll do't. Dost thou come hither but to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her Grave?
Be bury'd quick with her; and so will I.
And if thou prate of Mountains, let them throw
Millions of Acres on us, till our Ground,
Singeing his Pate against the burning Zone,
Make *Ossa* like a Wart! Nay, and thoul't mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere Madness;
And thus a-while the Fit will work on him:
Anon, as patient as the female Dove,
When first her golden Couplets are disclos'd,
His Silence will sit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, Sir.
What is the Reason that you use me thus?
I lov'd you ever: but it is no Matter——
Let *Hercules* himself do what he may,
The Cat will mew, the Dog will have his Day. [*Exit.*
King. I pray thee, good *Horatio*, wait upon him.

[*Exit Hor.*
Strengthen your Patience in our last Night's Speech.
[*To Laertes.*

We'll put the Master to the present Push
Good *Gertrude*, set some Watch over your Son.
This Grave shall have a living Monument. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet and Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, now you shall see th' other.
You do remember all the Circumstance?

Hor. Remember it, my Lord?

Enter Ostrick.

Ost. Your Lordship is right welcome back to *Denmark*.

Ham. I humbly thank you, Sir.

Dost know this Waterfly?

Hor. No, my good Lord.

Ham. Thy State is the more gracious; for 'tis a Vice
to know him.

Ost. Sweet Lord, if your Lordship were at Leisure, I
should impart a Thing to you from his Majesty.

Ham. I will receive it, Sir, with all Diligence of Spirit:
your Bonnet to its right Use, 'tis for the Head.

Ost. I thank your Lordship, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, it is very cold; the Wind is
northerly.

Ost.

Of. It is indifferent cold, my Lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very sultry and hot, or my Complexion—

Of. Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very sultry, as 'twere I cannot tell how—My Lord, his Majesty bid me signify unto you, that he has laid a great Wager on your Head: Sir, this is the Matter—

Ham. I beseech you, remember.

Of. Nay, good my Lord, for my Ease.—Sir, here is newly come to Court *Laertes*, believe me an absolute Gentleman, full of most excellent Differences, of very soft Society, and great Shew: Indeed, to speak feelingly of him, he is the very Card or Kalendar of Gentry, for you shall find in him the Substance of what part a Gentleman would see.

Ham. What imports the Nomination of this Gentleman?

Of. Of *Laertes*?

Ham. Of him, Sir.

Of. You are not ignorant of what Excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in Excellence; for to know a Man well, were to know himself.

Of. I mean, Sir, for his Weapon.

Ham. What's his Weapon?

Of. Single Rapier.

The King, Sir, hath wager'd with him six *Barbary* Horses, against the which he has impawn'd, as I take it; six *French* Rapiers and Poniards, with their Assigns, as Girdle, Hanger, and so—three of the Carriages are very dear to Fancy, very responsive to the Hilts, most delicate Carriages, and of very liberal Conceit.

Ham. What call you the Carriages?

Of. The Carriages, Sir, are the Hangers.

Ham. The Phrase would be more german to the Matter, if we carry'd a Cannon by our Sides. But on; six *Barbary* Horses against six *French* Swords, their Poniards and Assigns, and three liberal-conceited Carriages; that's the *French* Bet against the *Danish*, as I take it.

Of. The King hath laid, Sir, that in a dozen Passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three Hits; he hath laid twelve to nine, and it would come to
immediate:

immediate Trial, if your Lordship would vouchsafe the Answer.

Ham. How if I answer No?

Of. I mean, my Lord, the Opposition of your Person in Trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the Hall; if it please his Majesty, it is the breathing Time of the Day with me; let the Foils be brought, the Gentleman willing, and the King hold his Purpose, I will win for him if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my Shame, and the odd Hits.

Of. Shall I deliver it so?

Ham. To this Effect, Sir, after what Flourish your Nature will.

Of. I commend my Duty to your Lordship. [*Exit.*]

Hor. You will lose, my Lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual Practice; I shall win at the Odds. Thou would'st not think how ill all's here about my Heart; but it is no Matter.

Hor. Nay, good my Lord.

Ham. It is but Foolery; but it is such a Kind of Boding, as would perhaps trouble a Woman.

Hor. If your Mind dislike any Thing, obey it: I will forestall their Repair hither and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a Whit, we defy Augury. [*Exeunt. Scene draws and discovers King, Queen, Laertes, Gentlemen and Guards. Re-enter Hamlet and Horatio.*]

King. Come, Hamlet, come and take this Hand from me.

Ham. Give me your Pardon, Sir; I've done you wrong; But pardon't, as you are a Gentleman: this Presence knows And you must needs have heard, how I am punish'd With a sore Distraction. What I have done, That might your Nature, Honour, and Exception Roughly awake, I here proclaim was Madness. Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd Evil, Free me so far in your most gen'rous Thoughts, That I have shot mine Arrow o'er the House, And hurt my Brother.

Laer. I am satisfy'd in Nature, Whose Motive, in this Case should stir me most To my Revenge.

I do receive your offer'd Love like Love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham.

Ham. I embrace it freely,
And will this Brother's Wager frankly play.
Give us the Foils.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your Foil, *Laertes*; in mine Ignorance
Your Skill shall like a Star i'th' darkeſt Night appear.

Laer. You mock me, Sir.

Ham. No, on my Honour.

King. Give me the Foils, young *Oſtrick*. Couſin *Hamlet*, you know the Wager.

Ham. Very well, my Lord :
Your Grace has laid the Odds o'th' weaker Side.

King. I do not fear it, I have ſeen you both ;
But ſince he's better'd, we have therefore Odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me ſee another.

Ham. This likes me well : theſe Foils have all a
Oſt. Ay, my good Lord. [Length ?

King. Give me a Bowl of Wine.
If *Hamlet* give the firſt or ſecond Hit,
Or quit in Answer of the third Exchange,
Let all the Battlements their Ordnance fire ;
The King ſhall drink to *Hamlet*'s better Breath :
And in the Cup an Onyx ſhall he throw,
Richer than that which four ſucceſſive Kings
In *Denmark*'s Crown have worn. Give me the Cups,
And let the Kettle to the Trumpet ſpeak,
The Trumpets to the Cannoneer without,
The Cannons to the Heav'ns, the Heav'ns to earth :
Now the King drinks to *Hamlet*. Come begin ;
[Trumpets the while.

And you the Judges bear a wary Eye.

Ham. Come on, Sir.

Laer. Come, my Lord.

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment. (and ſhout.

Oſt. A Hit, a very palpable Hit. [Drums, Trumpets,

Laer. Well—again. [Flouriſh, a piece goes off.

King. Stay, give me the Drink. *Hamlet*, this Pearl
is thine. Here's to thy Health. Give him the Cup.

Ham. I'll play this Bout firſt, ſet it by a while. [They
Come—another Hit—what ſay you ? (play.

Laer.

Laer. I do confess't.

King. Our Son shall win.

Queen. The Queen salutes thy Fortune, Hamlet.

Ham. Good Madam——

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I have my Lord ; I pray you pardon me.

King. It is the poison'd Cup, it is too late. [Aside.

Ham. I dare not drink yet, Madam ; by-and-by.

Laer. I'll hit him now. And yet it is almost against my Conscience. [Aside.

Ham. Come, for the third ; Laertes, you but dally : I pray you press with your best Violence, I'm sure you make a wanton of me.

Laer. Say you so ? Come on. (Play.

[Laertes wounds Hamlet, then in scuffling they change Rapiers, and Hamlet wounds Laertes]

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again.'

Os. Look to the Queen there, ho !

Hor. How is it, my Lord ?

Os. How is't Laertes ?

Laer. Why, as a Woodcock caught in mine own Springe ; I'm justly killed with mine own Treachery.

Ham. How does the Queen ?

King. She swoons to see them bleed. (Hamlet.

Queen. No, no, the Drink, the Drink,—O my dear The Drink, the Drink—I'm poison'd. [She dies.

Ham. O Villany ! ho ! let the door be locked : Treachery ! seek it out.

Laer. It is here. Hamlet, thou art slain ; No Medicine in the World can do thee good ; In thee there is not half an Hour's life ; The treach'rous Instrument is in thy Hand, Unbated and envenom'd : the foul Practice Hath turn'd itself on me. Lo ! here I lie, Never to rise again : thy Mother's poison'd ; I can no more—the King, the King's to blame.

Ham. The Point envenom'd too ? Then, Venom, do thy Work. [Stabs the King.

Here, thou incestuous Dane ;

Follow my Mother.

Laer. ' He's justly serv'd : it is a Poison temper'd by himself.' [King dies. Exchange

Exchange Forgiveness with me, Noble *Hamlet*;
Mine and my Father's Death come not on thee,
Nor thine on me!

[Dies.]

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
'I'm dead, *Horatio*;' wretched Queen, farewell!
You that look pale, and tremble at this Chance,
That are but Mutes or Audience to this Act,
Had I but time, (as this fell Serjeant Death
Is strict in his Arrest) O! I could tell you—
But let it be—*Horatio*, I am dying.
Thou liv'st; report me and my Cause aright
To the unsatisfy'd.

Hor. Never believe it:
I'm more an antique *Roman* than a *Dane*,
Here's yet some Liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,
Give me the Cup; let go, I'll have't.
O good *Horatio*, what a wounded Name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me?
If thou did'st ever hold me in thy Heart,
Absent thee from Felicity a while,
And in this harsh World draw thy Breath in Pain,
To tell my Story. [March afar off, and shout within.
What warlike Noise is this?

Enter Ostrick

Ost. Young *Fortinbras*, with conquest come from *Poland*,
To th' Embassadors of *England* gives this warlike Volley.

Ham. O! I die, *Horatio*:

The potent Poison quite o'ergrows my Spirit;
I cannot live to hear the News from *England*.
But I do prophesy, th' Election lights
On *Fortinbras*; he has my dying Voice,
So tell him, with th' Occurrents more or less
Which have solicited. O—the rest is Silence. [Dies.]

Hor. Now cracks the Cordage of a noble Heart;
Good Night, sweet Prince,
And Choirs of Angels sing thee to thy Rest.
Take up the Bodies; such a Sight as this
Becomes the Field, but here they much amiss. [Exeunt.]



